MAHATMA GANDHI

Builder & Liberator

Edited by

Ganpat Rai
B.A., (National)

Author of

CONGRESS STRUGGLE
KASTURBA GANDHI

WITH A FOREWORD

By

Dr. Gopi Chand Bhargava
M. L. A.

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MAHATMA GANDHI
The Builder & Liberator

To

My Friend

Pandit Om Prakash Trikha

and his wife

Shrimati Lakshmi Devi

(Both devotees of Gandhiji)

If you want to know when our new books are published, please inform us with your permanent address and we will put you on our mailing list. —*Publishers*.

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FOREWORD

Mahatma Gandhi's name has become a household word in the whole world, and by common consent he is regarded as the greatest living man of the present age. His life has made a universal appeal since he combines in himself almost all the traits of human nature. He is a patriot, preacher, philanthropist, educationlist, reformer. servant of humanity, nature-curist, saint, and sage and what not within the limits of a single person, and though it is true that human nature baffles analysis, yet this holy man's noble life presents a wonderful synthesis of almost all the good aspects of a living soul. It is why every great man of light and leading in the world has tried to understand this frail in body creature, according to his ability and trend of thought.

What accounts for M. Gandhi's unique popularity and personality is not very difficult to understand. His entry into the rough and tumble life of politics with a new orientation has made him the cynosure of all eyes, the pivot of all living and useful thought and the emblem of all noble ambitions and aspirations. Gandhiji does not believe in 'cloistered virtue' nor does he regard politics as as a game exclusively meant for the opportunist, the diplomat, the double-dealer, the power-grabber, and the wily patriot. He takes politics as a fine art which should be cultivated by all unless one consents, in the words of Plato, to be ruled by bad men. According to him life is one indivisible whole and to attempt to divide it is to render it artificial and unlife-like. This division of life into so many water-tight compartments is what he regards as the fundamental basis of western hypocrisy. Self-determination being the most dominant note of the age, politics has begun to play the greatest role in the

life of an individual as also of a nation, and that is why Gandhi says that life without politics is not a life worth living. He regards all life as one, and therefore, his heart is overflowing not only with the milk of human-sympathy but with a great love for all sentient creatures. He believes that every living soul has a tender chord in him which can be struck by the soul-force of others, and since politics is the greatest sphere of human-activity, therefore, politics must bc spiritualized. This is the only effective way of saving humanity from disaster, from death-dance, from the all-consuming fire of human-passions, and from racial hatred and ill-will. The distraught and dumb-humanity takes kindly to his propensities, and practices and its heart beats in unison with his, but those who actually guide its destiny are not convinced of his lofty logic. But the time is fast coming when they shall have to or else there will be a complete negation and total black-out of all the present day culture and civilization, and of all that is good, great and grand in the life of man.

It is why all the literay and virtually disposed souls of the world have begun to espouse the views of Mahatma Gandhi adapting them to their circumstances and mental and moral equipment. And Lala Ganpat Rai, B. A. (National) of the "Tribune", has done a great service by collecting and editing the articles of those eminent personages of India and abroad who have expressed themselves on the different aspects of the life of this man in whom according to the late lamented Gokhale, 'humanity has reached its highest water-mark.'

Gopi Chand Bhargava.

THE SAVIOUR

—o—

BY REV. JOHN HAYNE HOLMES

> **" A leader of his people unsupported by any outward authority, a politician whose success rests on upon craft nor mastery of technical devices, but simply on the convincing power of his personality; a victorious fighter who always scorned the use of force ; a man of wisdom and humility armed with resolve and inflexible consistency who has devoted all his strength to upliftin; his people and the betterment of their lot ; a man who has confronted the brutality of Europe with the dignity of a simple human being and has thus at all times risen superior. Generations to come, it may be, will scarcely believe that such one as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth."**
>
> **Albert Einstein :**

Unforgetable was my first meeting with Gandhi—in England, not in India ! Set against the background of the English scene, his presence took on a significance, dignity and sheer power which I would not have felt, so instantly at least, in his native land.

I was at Folkstone, in September 1931, on the eve of the Round Table Conference, I was one of a small group—C. F. Andrews, Reginald Reynolds and others—who greeted Gandhi on his landing from the Channel steamer. I remember thinking, as the boat emerged slowly through the fog and rain, how Julius Caesar landed only a few miles north from this spot, and William, the Norman only a few miles south. Here was coming another conqueror—one who had neither arms nor armies, but a conquerer none-the-less.

Gandhi was taller than I expected—I had thought of a man weighing less than a hundred pounds and of smaller stature. His entrancing smile, his gentle voice, his deep and lustrous eyes were instantly apparent. But it was his dress that was most conspicuous. Here he was in the simple loin-cloth and folded 'khaddar' shawl which he wore in India, his legs bare to the thighs, and only same kind of sandals in his feet. Was it possible that this was to be his garb in England—that he would sit at the great Round Table Conference thus arrayed? Chilled to the bone from long waiting in the cold autumnal rain, I wondered if the Mahatma could survive such exposure to the northern climate. And wonder became genuine alarm as I watched, his gaunt figure, under a ridiculous umbrella, striding through the downpour on the pier to his train.

It was not until later, when my excitement had somewhat quieted, that I realised the meaning of what I had seen. This was India, and not merely Gandhi, that was come to England. Long since Gandhi had identified himself with the vast multitudes of the Indian people. He had put on the clothing—a mere loin-cloth—of the poorest and humblest among them all, that no one of them that ought be left out—be left out. By so doing he was not lowering himself to the depths of Indian degradation under the Empire, but lifting up the people, by the ineffable grace of his spirit, to the high level of his devotion to their common cause of emancipation. Henceforth and for ever these were one. So that it was India as well as Gandhi that I saw. Had Gandhi donned western clothes for his western journey, he would have left the Indian people behind as unworthy in their poverty and ignorance, to come and be heard in England. But this loin-cloth and shawl of native weave were the outward and visible signs of their real presence. India was here, in her piteous patience and heroic resolution. It was not one man, however great, but three hundred and eighty millions

of human beings touched and ennobled by this man, with whom the Empire had now to deal!

All this was dramatised and therewith disclosed on the occasion when Gandhi was summoned to Buckingham Palace to meet the King and 'Emperor of India.' It was discreetly whispered to the Mahatma that he should wear appropriate court dress for this august ceremony. With utter sweetness of temper, but a stern and dreadful finality, Gandhi said that he would wear only his familiar loin-cloth. If this was unacceptable, he could not heed the summons to the royal presence. As all the world knows, it was Gandhi who won this duel of custom and costume. Never in all the history of England had any one come before the King in such array. But the masses of the Indian people could have done no better—nor could he who loved them and was leading them to liberty. At that historic moment when Gandhi, clad in khaddar, stood tall and straight before George V, India was already free.

In all this we behold as it were a parable of what Ghandhi has done for India. When in 1919, after his great achievement for his people in South Africa, he stepped to the forefront of national life at home, India was servile and ashamed or altogether indifferent to her subject condition. For more than a century and a half the country had been an occupied country, and the people a conquered people. English rule was supreme, English power predominant, English interests primal. The Indian masses were among the most wretchedly exploited on the earth, and they had not knowledge or spirit enough to care. In the stifling atmosphere of the 'Raj,' the last feeble gasp of self-respect was endad. Imperialistic suffocation was complete.

This is not to forget or to ignore the earlier movement of revolt among Indian liberals, led by such heroic men as Gokhale, Tilak and Lajpat Rai and already organized in the All-India National Congress (founded

in 1885). This was where and how the first efforts for national liberation had to begin! But this early movement was distinctly an intellectual movement. It was in the hands of the few men and women in India who were educated—and educated primarily along western lines. The influence here were alien and not native—the democratic constitutions of the West, the speeches of John Bright, the writings of Herbert Spencer, the long and sacred traditions of English liberty. All of which means that this early movement, courageous and indispensable as it was, never even remotely touched the multitudes of the Indian people—the illiterate and starving masses in the city slums and in the village huts. There was simply no contact between the two. The masses did not care, most of them did not know, what their so called leaders were doing. The Congress in these early days was like a building without foundation—a tree without roots. It could never get anywhere until, like the prince in the fairy-tale, it touched the sleeping Indian people into life.

It was Gandhi who accomplished the magical task. Others may actually receive the ultimate independence of India, but to Gandhi will belong the eternal glory of having made this independence possible. For it was he who discovered, and proclaimed that the Indian people could not and indeed should not, be free until they were themselves fit to be free. And it was he who defined fitness in terms of eastern and not of western life,

Gandhi declared that it was not of others that the Indians should not acquire liberty but of themselves. India had once been free. In her freedom she had developed and enjoyed a culture as ancient as any known to man, and as rich in arts and crafts, in literature, philosophy and religion. The culture had lived for centuries in the minds and hearts of multitudes. As truly as any people in the world the Indians had their own traditions, institutions, and glorious history.

Their task therefore was obvious. They must rediscover and restore this culture which once was theirs, and make it live again. They must cleanse their society of accumulated inequities and evils, and therewith rid the land of abominations which were an inward slavery to match the outward slavery against which they rebelled. Above all they must discipline themselves to the practice of their native 'satyagraha' which conquers all things by the sheer power of the spirit. India has no arms with which to win her independence ; nor, if she had arms, should she use them after the fatal example of the suicidal West.

India must be freed not through violence and hate and mutual injuries of enemies and friends, but through the love that conquers enemies by making them friends. This is the spirit of India—the Truth that lives within her soul and makes her great. Therewith, by right of her own genius and experience, her character, faith and self-dependence, shall she win again the liberty she has been so long denied.

This was the message and the work of 'this little brown man, Gandhi. In the space of a single generation, and in a world given over to destruction and chaos, he has awakened a whole people to life. He has taught the Indians a knowledge of their own greatness and power. He has restored them to a sense of dignity and honour, He has penetrated to the lowest and most miserable of the exploited masses among his countrymen—the ignorant peasants, the remote villagers the despised untouchable.—and lifted them high up to planes of self-consciousness, self-confidence and self-respect.

Saint, statesman, seer— these three are the composite of Gandhi. And the three are made one in the concept of 'saviour.' The Mahatma is one of the saviours of humanity. He walks in the august succession of the great and mighty souls who have attained the supreme powers of the spirit and brought deliverance to men.

I have said that when I first saw Gandhi as he landed at Folkestone in 1931, I thought of Caesar and William of Normandy, who had in earlier times landed on these shores not far away. I imagined him, in my exaltation, as one more conqueror come to subdue the land. But I was wrong. It was not another Roman or Norman who planted his feet that day on English soil. The world has had enough of these. That scantily clad, unarmed, and unpanopiled Indian And to these beaten multitudes he has shown a way of personal redemption and national deliverance.

This is the awakening of a civilisation. It is the East come to life to front the West. Not with threats and defiance, but with a claim to brotherhood. For when this 'Naked Fakir,' as Churchill ence called the Mahatma, planted his feet on English soil that chill September day in 1931, if he came as a conqueror at all, it was as one who brought good tidings of peace and not of war.

These are the facts so graphically symbolized by a loin-cloth in London which reveal the unique greatness of Gandhi—his almost sacred importance to India and to the East. It is these facts also, which made plain why Gandhi has seemed so enigmatic, and generally unacceptable to our western world. He has offended our pride, challenged our sense of superiority, ignored our idea that the world belongs to us and must be made over into the likeness of our institutions and customs. This is what we westerners call civilization—making other people who are alien to ourselves accept our culture, our tradition, our folkways, language and dress. And Gandhi, to our amazement and confusion, has refused to conform!.

What this means to our complacency is shown by the attitude of Christian missionaries toward Gandhi. I suppose they will never forgive him for refusing to become a Christian. Of course there are missionaries who have understood the Mahatma, and have been

proud to be numbered among his friends and followers —men like the saintly Charlie Andrews, the stalwart Bishop Fisher of Calcutta, Stanley Jones. J. Holmes Smith, Ralph Templin. and others. But missionaries as a group are hostile to Gandhi and are little to be trusted as interporeters of his work.

The trouble begins with the fact that Gandhi sees and states with perfect clearness the real nature of missionary work in India—that it is quite as much the business of making good citizens of the Empire as good disciples of the Christ. The missionaries, American as well as English, are the puppets of imperial rule—subservient apologists for the presence and practice of Britain in the Orient. But the basic trouble lies in the fact that the greatest of all Indians, the most influential among his countrymen, and a figure of exalted spiritual stature, declines to become converted to the Christian gospel.

It is true that Gandhi has paid tribute to Christianity; confessing his indebtedness to its teaching. It was the Sermon on the Mount that did as much as anything to confirm him in his belief in non-resistance. It is true also that the whole pattern of Gandhi's personal life would seem to be Christian in its design and texture. He certainly is a better Christian, in the ethical sense of the word than the over-whelming multitude of those who profess the Christian faith. But all this only makes more irritating the fact, that Gandhi throughout his career has remained stubbornly loyal to Hinduism, the religion of the fathers and of the great majority of his people. He sees no reason why he should adopt an alien faith, when his own native faith gives him comfort and inspiration. Hinduism, as well as Christianity, can save the soul and redeem the world. But this is a flat repudiation of Christianity's claim to be a uniquely inspired faith. It opens up the way to the whole dangerous concept of religion not as an exclusive revelation but as the uni-

death, we do not realize that any true statesman in the East might well seek to save his people from going he way in which we have gone. As Japan, for examle, has gone! But this is what Gandhi has seen—at plose range in the case of the British Empire and at long range in the case of the two World Wars. And if he has moved to what seems to us to be desperate extreme, it is only because he would deliver India from an impending doom before it is too late.

Thus Gandhi has denounced medical science and hospitals and the whole paraphernalia of western thealing, not because he clearly sees in our absorption cin physical health as the 'summum bonum' of existence, tshe perfect illustration of our surrender to a materialitm which exalts the body and neglects the soul. Gandhi has set himself dead against the machine and all the so-called wonders of our mechanical civilization, and has dramatized his opposition in his famous return to he spinning wheel because he sees in us a society which has enslaved itself to the machine, and is in actual process of being destroyed by this monster of its own creation. Gandhi has repudiated force and violence, and adopted a philosophy and programme of absolute non-resistance, of spiritual self-reliance because he sees in resort to physical weapons, for however good an end, a means which turns upon itself in that very horror of self-destruction which has now everwhelmed mankind. In every aspect of our western life, Gandhi beholds the triumph of materialism, and mechanism, the chief social enemies of the soul of man. In the East, the mother of the world's religions, he discovers still, amid whaterever corruption and decay, an appreciation of spiritual reality which is to him the only Trust.

To save the East from the devouring flood of the West, and therewith to save mankind from death is Gandhi's mission. And his first step, of course, is to save India from Britain.

It is in his attitude toward physical force, especially in this age of terror and alarm, that we find Gandhi most completely baffling. We could understand him. perhaps, if he confined his pacifistic principles to his personal relations. or, like the quakers and others among us, was a conscientious objector to war in his individual capacity as a citizen. But Gandhi is the head of a great political organization, the leader of his people in a vast movement for national independence, and the most potent public influence in a country engulfed in war and itself threatened with invasion by a cruel enemy arrayed on its frontiers. And he will not, even in this extremity, resort to arms.

There is a certain magnificent logic in his attitude. A man, who will not use force to oust the British Empire within the corners of India, is at least consistent in refusing to use force to repel the Japanese invader without the borders of India. But what is logic in such a crisis as this—or religious idealism, for that matter? We have long since learned here in the West, have we not, that order and security are based on force—that the final sanction in any contention between the nations is war. Our politics are power politics—our international policies power policies. Not all the teachings of Christianity through nearly two thousand years have availed to shake the final dependence of a whole civilization upon arms. And hrre is a non-Christian, exercising control over a larger number of human beings than any other man alive to-day, who stubbornly and determinedly, denaies our example. He will not follow our way of force and violence. He insists that he has found a better one, more effective way. He will not meet and engage us on our terms. He lays down his own terms, these non-violent terms are in the western world the evidence of weakness even cowardice, yet they seem strangely to have sustained one who through a quarter of a century has not been beaten by his foes.

In any immediate situation, Gandhi seems utterly. hopeless but in the long run a portentious figure. Something like Jesus, who was crucified by those against whom he refused to lift the sword, and could not stay buried! So we are baffled—and deep down in our hearts alarmed

It is in his own light that Gandhi must be seen. It is against the back-ground of his own word that he must be set. In such a light, and against such a background. Gandhi takes on gigantic proportions. He shines and at last booms high as one of the universal figures of all times. Yet it is doubtful if the West will ever really understand and appreciate the great Indian. Even many of his own countrymen fail to recognize him for what he is. Such are the confusions and conflicts of contemporariousness. With Gandhi as with other similar figures, it must be left to posterity and his prospective to estimate him at his true worth and therewith, think him among the immortals. But even now it may be possible to foresee firmly what the future will discern clearly.

First of all that Gandhi is a 'saint'. It is a true instinct among multitudes of his people which has beautified Gandhi during his lifetime as the Mahatma. For every aspect of his character is that of the saint alike of history and tradition. His purity of heart, his simplicity of spirit, his humanity and utter compassion, his vigour of fleshly discipline, his surrender of all material possessions, and worldly power, his practices of prayer and fasting, his complete indentification with the poorest and most despised among his countrymen, his voluntary acceptance of humiliation, private and public disgrace, his repeated invitations to death in behalf of his great cause—all these belong to Gandhi and they are the stigmat of sainthood. One of the holiest men of history lives among us.

Secondly. that Gandhi is a statesman. Gandhi will be remembered, as Washington is remembered, as the man who frees his country from the tyranny of Britain's

rule. He will be remembered as Jefferson is remembered, as the man who wrote his country's Declaration of Independence. He will be remembered, as Lincoln is remembered, as the man who brought emancipation to the millions of slaves, or untouchables among his countrymen. But he will be remembered also for a still greater feat of statesmanship than these, into a world given over to the destructive use of physical force as the ultimate means to the accomplishment of every end, Gandhi has brought a new force.

Spiritual force—or 'Soul Force,' as he cails it ! This had been revealed and commanded by other great teachers from Buddha and Jesus in ancjent times to George and Leo Toistoy in our own Christian age. But none of these leaders had done more than establish this principle as a way of personal life, or a discipline of religious group action. It was left to Gandhi, as a consummate statesman, to take his idea or rather ideal of Soul-force, and formulate it into a programme for nations. He has shown how a whole people will be non-resistant, and still overcome their enemies. hitherto the justification of a sword has always been that it is the trial weapon of resistance against evil—against the armed might of the conqueror and oppressor. Dreadful as it is, there is no other ! But Gandhi has found another a peaceful weapon—the noble and potent formula of Satyagraha, or non-violent resistance.

This is a feat of statesmanship of unparelleled splendour and significance. It seems, perhaps in time, as the way of salvation for our stricken world. As such it marks a new era in human history, and ranks Gandhi among the supreme political leaders of mankind.

Lastly, that Gandhi is a seer. This Indian has declared, in his humility that he is only a seeker after Taüth. But he has found Truth as well as sought it, and lays bare the mvsteries of the spirit. It is not strange that Gandhi feels that this truth has come to

him from God, and that he dares, therefore, to speak as one having authority. To say one who possesses an atom of historical knowledge or cherishes a spark of historical imagination Gandhiji's words bear the unmistakable print of the eternal spiritual utterances of the past. He is the sacred word again made manifest.

(*Asia and America*).

HOMAGE TO MAHATMA

BY

NETAJI BOSE

Gandhi is the prophet of a liberated life wielding power over millions of human beings by virtue of his exceptional holiness and heroism....To be true, to be simple, to be pure and gentle of heart, to remain cheerful and contented in sorrow and danger, to love life and not to fear death, to serve the Spirit and not to be haunted by the spirits of the dead, nothing better has been taught or lived since the world first began.

—Sir S. Radhakrishnan.

The Indian people are so well-acquainted with the life and works of Mahatma Gandhi that it would be an insult to their intelligence, if I were to begin narrating the facts of his life. I shall, instead, devote myself to an estimation of the place of Mahatmaji in the history of India's struggle for independence.

The service which Mahtma Gandhi has rendered to India and to the cause of India's freedom is so unique and unparalleled that his name will be written in letters of gold in our national history for all time.

In order to correctly estimate Mahatma Gandhi's place in Indian history it is necessary to take a bird's eye-view of the British conquest of India. You all know that when the British first set-foot on Indian soil, Iudia was a land flowing with milk and honey and it was the wealth of India which had attracted poverty-stricken Englishmen from across the seas. To-day we find that as a result of political enslavement and economic exploitation, the Indian people are dying of hunger and starvation, while the British people who were once so poor and needy have grown fat and rich on the wealth and resources of India. Through sorrow and suffering, humiliation and torture, the Indian people

have learnt at long last that the only solution of their manifold problem is the recovery of their lost liberty.

Turning to the methods of the British conquest of India, we see that the British never attempted to fight the entire Indian population in any part of the country, nor did they try to conquer and occupy the whole of India at once. On the contrary, they always tried to win over a section of the people, through bribery and corruption, before they commenced military operations. This was the case in Bengal, where the Commander-in-Chief, Mir Jafar, was won over by the British, by offering him the throne of Bengal. At that time the religious or communal problem was unknown in India. The last independent king of Bengal, Siraj-ud-Dowla, who was a Muslim, was betrayed by his Commander-in-Chief, who was also a Muslim-and it was the Hindu Commander, Mohanlal, who fought with Siraj-ud-Dowla till the very last. The lesson that we have learnt from this spisode in Indian history is that unless timely steps are taken to prevent and to punish freachery, no nation can hope to preserve its independence. The developments in "Bengal did not unfortunately open the eyes of the Indian people in time. If even after the fall of Siraj-ud-Dowla in Bengal the Indian people had made common cause against the British they would have easily succeeded in throwing the unwanted foreigner out of Indian soil.

No one can say that the Indian people did not fight in order to retain their freedom-but they did not fight all together. When the British attacked Bengal, nobody attacked them from behind. When later on, the British fought Tippu Sultan in South India, neither the Mahrartas in Central India nor the Sikhs in the North came to the rescu of Tippu Sultan. Even after the fall of Bengal, it was still possible to overthrow the British, throgh the combination of Tippu Sultan in the South, the Mahrattas in Central India and the Sikhs in the North. Unfortunately for us, this was not done.

It was, therefore, possible for the British to attack one part of India at a time and gradually extend their rule over the whole country. The lesson that we have learnt from this painful chapter of Indian history is that unless the Indian people stand united before the enemy, they will never be able to achieve their independece, nor will they be able to preserve it even if they acquire it.

It took a long time to open the eyes of the Indian people. Ultimately, in 1857, they woke up and they then made a concerted attack on the British, in different parts of the country. When the fight began—the fight that the British historians call "The Sepoy Mutiny" and we call the "First War of Independence" —the British were easily defeated at first. But two factors accounted for our ultimate failure. All parts of India did not join in the fight; and what is more significant, they technical skill of our army commanders was inferior to that of the commanders of the enemy forces.

Then after the tragic events of Jallianwallabagh the Indian people were stunned and paralysed for the time being. All the attempts for achieving liberty had beer ruthlessly crushed by the British and their armed forces Constitutional agitation, boycott of British goods, armed revolution—all had alike failed to bring freedom. There was not a ray of hope left and the Indian people, though their hearts were burning with iadignation, were groping in the dark for a new method and a new weapon of struggle. Just at this paychological moment, Mahatma Gandhi appeared on the scene with his novel method of Non Co-operation or Satyagraha or Civil Disobedience. It appeared as if he had been sent by Providence to show the path to liberty. Immediately and spontaneously the whole nation rallied round his banner. India was saved. Every Indian's face was now lit up with hope and confidence. Ultimate victory was once again assured.

For twenty years and more Mahatma Gandhi has worked for India's salvation, and with him, the Indian people too have worked. *It is no exaggeration to say that if, in 1920 he had not come forward with his new weapon of struggle India to-day would perhaps have been still prostrate. His services to the cause of India's freedom are unique and unparalleled no single man could have achieved more in one single life time under similar circumstances.*

Since 1920 the Indian people have learnt two things from Mahatma Gandhi which are the indispensable preconditions for the attainment of independence. They have, first of all, learnt national self-respect and self-confidence, as a result of which revolutionary fervour is now blazing in their hearts. Secondly, they have now got a countrywide organization which reaches the remotest villages of India. Now that the message of liberty has permeated the hearts of all Indians and they have got a countrywide political organization representing the whole nation—the stage is set for the final struggle for liberty—the last war of Independence.

It is not in India alone that a struggle for freedom has been heralded by a spiritual awakening. In the Risorgimento movement in Italy, it was Mazzini who first gave the spiritual inspiration to the Italian people. He was then followed by the fighter and the hero-Garibaldi, who began the march to Rome at the head of one thousand armed volunteers. In modern Ireland, too, the Sinn Fein Party, when it was born in 1906, gave the Irish people a programme which was very much similar to Mahatma Gandhi's Non Co-operation programme of 1920. Ten years after the birth of the Sinn Fein Party—that is, 1916, the first armed revolution in Ireland took place.

Mahatma Gandhi has firmly planted our feet on the strnight road to liberty. He and other leaders are now rotting behind the prison bars. The task that Mahatma Gandhi began has, therefore, to be accom-

plished by his countrymen-at home and abroad, Indians at home have everything that they need for the final struggle but they lack one thing—an army of liberation. That army of liberation has to be supplied from without and it can be supplied only from without.

I would like to remined you that when Mahatma Gandhi commended his Non-Co-operation programme to the Indian nation at the annual session of the Congress at Nagpur in December, 1920, he said, "If India had the sword today, she would have drawn the sword." And proceeding further with his argument, Mahatmaji then said that since armed revolution was out of the question, the only alternative before the country was that of Non-Co-operation or Satyagraha. Since then times have changed and it is now possible for the Indian people to draw the sword. We are happy and proud that India's Army of Liberation has already come into existence and is steadily increasing in numbers. We have, on the one hand, to complete the training of this Army and send it to the field of battle, as soon as possible. We have simultaneously to build up a new army that can go on reinforcing the Army in the field. The final struggle for liberty will be long and hard and we must go on fighting till the last Britisher in India is either cast in prison or thrown out of the country. I would like to warn you that after our Army of Liberation—the Azad Hind Fauj or the Indian National Army—sets foot on Indian soil, it will take at least twelve months and perhaps more-liberate the whole of India from the British yoke. Let us, therefore gird up our loins and prepare for a long and hard struggle.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAN

BY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

"He is a man who may be well described as a man among men, a hero among heroes, a patriot amongst patriots and we may well say that in him Indian humainty at the present time, has really reached its high water mark."

—G. K. Gokhale,

I am going to speak to you this morning upon what I hope will be the interesting question as to who is the greatest man in the world to-day. In seeking as answer to this inquiry, I imagine that all of our minds instinctively go back to the days of the Great War, and run over the names of the men who held position of vast responsibility and power in that stupendous conflict. Especially do we think of the great gathering of the war-leaders in Paris, in the opening months of the year 1919. Two years ago. at this time, we would all of us have agreed that if the greatest man in the world was anywhere to be found, it was in this council of the premiers and statesmen of the Allied Governments. These were the men who had been tested by the most awful peril which had ever threatened the civilization of the world, and who had brought out of that peril a victory which was as complete as it was sudden. Now they were being tested by the challenge of peace—by the great problem as to how to use a victory after it has been won. And it is just here, in this most rigorous of all tests, that these leaders of the nations failed who can say, in view of what happened at Versailles, and especially in view of what has happened since the signing of the treaty, that any one of these men responsible for the great disaster of the peace, has any substantial or permanent claims to greatness, in the true sense of the word ? Of all the men who sat in that Peace Conference two years ago, there is only one, it

seems to me, who still preserves a reputation that is without serious question. ' I refer, of course, to General Smuts, the Premier of South Africa, the man of whom Mr. Walter Lippman said so vividly that, of all the peace conferences who signed the treaty in the famous Hotel of Mirrors at Versailles, he was the only one who saw mankind and not himself in the glass. If you would know how great a man was General Smuts at the Conference, I ask you to read three immortal documents—first, his public apologia for the signing of the treaty ; secondly, his "farewell to the people of Europe," published on the eve of his departure from Loddon for Johannesburg ; and thirdly, his noble and generous tribute to President Wilson on the latter's retirement from office on March 4. General Smuts fought the war with consummate ability and unfaltering idealism ; in the moment of triumph on the battlefield, he sought forgiveness of the enemy, and healing of the bleeding wounds of men ; in the moment of defeat in the Council Chamber. he confsesed his failure in honesty of spirit, and sought at once to repair the damage, which he had been unable to prevent. General Smuts is a great man—the only great man who is left to us to-day out of the wreckage of the war. All the rest of those leaders, who filled the world for a little time with the noise of their fame, have faded, or are fading, into oblivion, never again to be restored, I believe, to the reverence of men. Ours today must be the cry of David after the battle of Mt. Gilboa—" How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished ! "

I turn away, therefore, from the storm of the Great War, and from the men who rode that storm to power and place ; and I look elsewhere for that man who impresses me as the greatest man who is living in the world to day. And immediately I hit upon three men, very different from one another in origin and character, who I believe may not unworthily qualify for this position.

The first man whom I would name is the Frenchman, Romain Rolland, author of that immortal novel, Jean Christophe, pacifist exile from his native land during the Great War, the leading internationalist in this perplexing period of the aftermath of the war. Rolland is supremely great in the field not so much of achievement as of ideals. I can best indicate my estimate of him by stating that I always think of him as the true successor in character and influence, though not of course in personality, of Leo Tolstoi, who was himself the greatest single moral influence produced during the whole course of the nineteenth century. Like Tolstoi, Romain Rolland lives a life of rigorous simplicity. Like Tolstoi, he unites a gigantic intellect with a soul of ineffable beauty and power. Like Tolstoi, again, he lives and moves and has his being in that sublime realm of moral and spiritual idealism, where love is recognized as the perfect law of life, and the brotherhood of man as the fulfilment of this law upon the earth.

Before the war, Rolland was one of the few men in Europe who saw the coming of the great catastrophe, and did his utmost to prevent it. He sent out his call to poets, musicians and artists of the continent; gathered about him, as a master his students, the young and ardent souls of all countries; and strove to lead them to those heights of pure idealism in the atmosphere of which he knew it would be impossible for the prejudices and hostilities of contemporary nationalism to survive. Jean Christophe was written in answer not so much to artistic passion, as to a desire to interpret Germany to France, and France to Germany, and thus make clear the essential kinship between the two. With the outbreak of the War, he conceived it his unique privilege and duty to keep alive those higher instincts of the soul, which are the first to suffer in the strife of arms. Never for a moment did he deceive himself into believing that the war would purge the heart of man,

or quicken it permanently to nobler impulses of devotion ; on the contrary, he knew that this war, like every war, was a dirty and ugly thing, subversive of all that is pure and good in human life. Therefore did he deliberately set himself, as a priest at the altar of humanity, to guard from extinction the spirit's flame, that when the conflict was at an end, the race might not wander as one lost for ever in impenetrable dark. And now, with the close of the disastrous struggle, Rolland is building anew his international fraternity, to the end of pursuading men to sheath their swords, to cleanse their hearts of the poison of patriotism. and to toil for the coming of that great Kingdom of the living God which shall mean wars and rumours of wars no more.

If there is any civilization in Europe to-day, and light shining through the gross darkness of the present chaos, any hope for the ultimate realization of the dreams and visions which beset us of a better world, I believe this is due more truly to Rolland than to Foch or Clemenceau, Lloyd George or Woodrow Wilson, or any other of the men who struggled vainly to bring good out of the evil of the War. Rolland remained true to his ideal, served it with a flawless courage, and therewith did a work which marks him as a spiritual genius of the first order. If he falls short, as I think he does, it is in what we may term the realm of practical affairs. In this he does not fail ; he simply does not enter at all. For Rolland is an artist, an intellectual, a man of the utmost sensitiveness and delicacy. It is difficult to conceive of him as dwelling among the trodden ways of men. He could never be the leader of a revolution, the moulder of great masses of the common people to a world-upheaval, the builder of the structure or the writer of the constitution of a new political and social state. Rolland, by the very necessities of his nature, as Tolstoi by the deliberate plan of his life, must wove " above the battle, " and not in the midst of its bloodshed and affiright. For Rolland is an

idealist and not realist. I think of him as a silver star shining resplendent above the murk and mist of earth, a light to steer by and to worship. Others must serve at the smoky torches which show terribly the pathways of men's climbing.

The mention of the contrast between the idealist and the realist, brings me to the second name which I desire to present this morning in this discussion, I refer to the Red Leader Nicolai Lenin, Premier of the Soviet republic, a man who wields a greater degree of personal power than any other man in the world to-day. In making an estimate of the position of Lenin among the great men of this time, it is necessary for us to disregard entirely such unfavorable ideas as we may chance to have of the work that he is attempting to do among his people. We may think that his principles are bad, his policies dangerous, his whole influence destructive to the best interests of civilization; but these opinions should not, and indeed cannot, affect in any way the facts as to his ability. Many people, for example, regard Napoleon Bonaparte as one of the most immoral personages that ever lived, and descride his achievements among the most disastrous in the whole range of human history, but I have never met any except Mr. H. G. Wells, in his "The Outline of History," who denied his consummate greatness as a man. So also with Nicolai Lenin! We may think him the vilest monster alive upon the earth to-day, if we so choose, but there stands the fact of his greatness all the same. This man moves among his contemporaries like a giant among pygmies. He is at the moment the centre of the world's life. The affairs of the race move round his central figure like the rim and spokes of a wheel about its axle. I am not at all sure, but what in future ages, this present period, which has followed upon the close of the Great War is destined to be described by historians as the age of Lenin, just as we speak to-day of the age of Elizabeth or of Louis XIV.

at an unguarded moment, on one of the numerous occasions Lenin's reported death, the "Times" referred to him as "the most remarkable personality brought by the world war into prominence."

What moves all these persons who have seen or studied Nicholai Lenin, to speak of him in these laudatory terms, is undoubtedly the consciousness of the stupendous things which this man has accomplished during the last three years. His deeds are almost unparalleled in history. In the first place, he has beaten back upon every front, the attacks brought against him by the enemies of Russia at home and abroad. Army after army has been organized and led against Moscow, only to be destroyed by the "red" armies fighting without resources, in a distracted country, and amid a starving population. It is the fashion of these days to compare Lenin with Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, the leaders of France in the bloody days of the "Reign of Terror." The true comparison, however, is with Carnot, the great war minister who raised the levies of the Revolution, and hurled back triumphantly the invading armies of autocratic Europe.

Secondly, Lenin and his commissaries have saved the civilisation of Russia from the utter collapse which was threatened, and is still being threatened, as a result of the catastrophe of the Great War. This is just the opposite of what is ordinarily assumed, for most people believe that it is the advent of Bolshevism which has caused the human misery and social disintegration which are everywhere prevailing in Russia at the present time. Nothing, however, could be farther from the truth! The empire of the Czar collapsed of its own rottenness and decay nine months before the Bolsheviks found their way into the seats of power. This collapse was the immediate result of the impact of the Great War, which in its end, if not in its conscious purpose, was a struggle for the destruction, and

not at all for the preservation of civilization. What happened in Russia in 1917, was only what would have happened in France, had the War continued another year, and in Great Britain had it continued another four or five years. Russia simply went to pieces, because she was the least developed and most corrupt of modern capitalistic countries, and therefore the least able to bear the strain. The first revolutionary government which succeeded the Czar, tried to control the situation, but ignominiously failed. Then came Kerensky, who likewise failed. Then came Lenin, who put his mighty shoulders beneath the toppling fabric of the state, and has thus far prevented it from falling. That Russia is not to-day a realm of utter chaos—that its cities are not empty, its railroads streaks of rust running across vast wastes of desert country, its peoples swarming hordes of wanderers trooping madly to the west in search of food—all this is due more to Nicolai Lenin than to any other single force in the world to-day. If H. G. Wells is right in his surmise that the fate of Europe is identical with the fate of Russia. I venture to prophesy that the time will come when this man will be remembered not as a destroyer, but as the saviour of the social structure of civilization.

Lastly, as we survey the achievements of Lenin, we see his great constructive undertakings in the field of statesmanship. Amid unexampled confusion and difficulties, he has worked out a new formula of economic relations—communism ; he has built a new structure of social order—the Soviet ; he has visioned a new type of social idealism—a democracy of the workers ; he has created out of abstract theory a new technique of practical achievement—the dictatorship of the proletariat.

These are the deeds of a man of the first order of practical genius. If Lenin falls short anywhere, and I am certain that he does, it is in the field of moral idealism. He seems to be absolutely devoid, not in

character but in thought, of everything that we mean by ethical or spiritual principle. He boasts of the fact that he has no religion but lives contentedly in the realm of materialism, He denies that there is any such reality as a moral law to which it is proper or necessary for him to give acknowledgment. What we ordinarily describe and recognize as a system of ethics, calling for the allegiance of all right-minded people, he regards as an artificial code created by the strong, and imposed by them upon the weak for the better protection of their property and privileges. To Lenin's way of thinking anything is right that serves the class interest of the workers ; by the same token, anything is wrong that delays or hinders the emancipation of the workers. In his activities as leader of the proletariat and chief executive of the Soviet Republic, Lenin acts upon exactly the same law of necessity which holds away upon the field of battle. Like the soldier, in other words, he does anything which it is necessary to do in order to defeat the enemy and thus clinch victory for his cause. "The end justifies the means!" Lenin is seeking a great end of human redemption and social liberation ; any means which are necessary for the attainment of this end, are justifiable in the period which must intervene before men are ready and able to reach the goal. It is this realist point of view of life which explains the extraordinary contradictions in Lenin's career. Thus Lenin is a democrat ; but he sustains one of the most absolute tyrannies that mankind has ever known. He is not a terrorist, and yet he carried through the six weeks of the "red terror" with ruthless severity. He is not a militarist, and yet he has built on the foundation of universal conscription, the most powerful and successful military machine in the world to-day. What we have in Lenin is a phenomenon which has never before appeared in history, so far as I know—a reformer of unquestioned personal integrity, rigorously pure in private character, simple and unpretentious in his

ways of life, devoted to the ideal of a better world, seeking nothing for himself, and everything for his fellow-men, and yet a man arrogant, autocratic, stern, hard in outline, untouched by any softness save a love for children. At bottom, there is nothing gentle or lovely about this man ; he suggests only the strength of granite, and the coldness of steel. This is the reason, I take it, why Mr. Wells, when he thinks of Lenin, finds himself recalling the figure of Mohammed. Bertrand Russell, when he saw Lenin and his regime was put in mind of Cromwell and the Puritans, I have to consess that I always think, in this connection, of Napoleon Bonaparte. All these parallels are defective—the last outrageously so ; but they serve at least to reveal the realistic pattern of the man, and the stupendous order of his genius.

It is obvious that we have not yet found our greatest man. Rolland, the idealist is defective on the side of practicality ; Lenin, the realist, falls short on the side of ideality. What we need is a universal man—a man who combines in perfect balance the supreme qualities of the Frenchman and the Russian—a man who is at once an idealist, and a realist a dreamer and a doer, a prophet who sees "the heavenly vision" and, "not unfaithful to (that) vision" makes it to come true. Is there any such person living in the world ?

I believe that there is—unquestionably the greatest man living in the world to-day, and one of the greatest men, who has ever lived. I heard of him first in 1917, through an article by Professor Gilbert Murray in the "Hibbert Journal." I did not learn anything of him again until a few months ago, when there came to my desk a little paper-covered pamphlet containing extracts from his speeches and writings. This is meagre information ; but when I read it, I felt as did John Keats when he first read Chapman's translation of the "Iliad"—

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men.
Looked at each other with a mild surmise.
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

The man whom I have in mind is Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, the Indian leader of the present great revolutionary movement against British rule in India, known and reverenced by his countrymen as Mahatma, "the Saint." I wonder how many of you heve ever heard of him, or know the story of his life. Listen while I tell this story, and see if I am not right in calling its hero the greatest man in the world to-day!

Gandhi was born some fifty odd years ago in India of a rich, clever and cultivated family. He was reared as the sons of such families are always reared, possessed of everything that money can buy and the imagination of devoted parents can conceive. In 1889 he came to England to study law. He took his degree in regular course, returned to India, and became a successful lawyer in Bombay. Already, however, he had found that religion was coming to have a dominant place within his life. Even before his journey to England, he had taken the Jain vow to abstain from wine, flesh, and sexual intercourse. On his return to India, his asceticism increased. Finding that money was inconsistent with his ideal of spirituality, he gave away his fortune to good cause, keeping only the barest-pittance for himself. Later on, he took the vow of poverty, and thus became, what he is still to-day, a begger. Later still he became converted to the doctrine of non-resistance, which he calls "the root of Hinduism," and therefore abandoned the practice of the law as "a system which tried to do right by violence," When Gilbert Murray saw him in England in 1914, he ate only rice, drank only water, and slept on the bare

boards of a wooden floor. "His conversation," says Professor Murray, "was that of a cultivated and well-read man, with a certain indefinable suggestion of saintliness." Gandhi has indeed become a saint. He hed deliberately swept out of his life every last vestige of self-indulgence, that no slightest desire of the flesh might stand in the way of devotion to his ideals. From early in his life, he was a man apart, with every last energy of soul and body dedicated to the service of humankind.

His public career divides itself into two distinct periods. The first extends from 1893 to 1913, and is identified with South Africa. The second, which belongs to India itself, runs from 1913 to the present day.

In South Africa, in the early nineties of the last century, there were located some 1,50,000 Indians, chiefly in the province of Natal. The presence of these aliens had led to a situation very similar to that now prevailing in California as a result of the influx of the Japanese. The colour question, in other words, had become acute, and the South African Government determined to meet it, first by forbidding the immigration of any more natives from India. and secondly by expelling the Indians who were already there. This last it was found, could not legally be done as it violated a treaty and was opposed by Natal where industry has depended upon cheap "coolie" labour and was objected to by the Indian Government. The first proposal of course, could easily be met by the passage of an exclusion act. At once began a long and bitter struggle. The whites of South Africa, baffled in their desires, did what the whites in all parts of the world have always done under such circumstances—namely, persecuted and outraged those whom they detested as so-called inferiors. Systematically they undertook to make life in South Africa as miserable an affair for all Indians, especially those above the labour class, as malice and

cruelty could provide. Thus, these Indians were burdened with special taxes ; they were forced to register in degrading ways ; their thumb-prints were taken as though they were criminals ; they were publicly insulted and discriminated against. In cases where the law could not be conveniently utilized the South African whites did what we do so proudly here in America—organised patriotic mobs to loot, burn and lynch. Nothing was left undone to harry these unhappy Indians and drive them in wretchedness and horror from the land.

It was in 1893 that the Indians in South Africa appealed to Gandhi, and asked him to come and help them. At once he responded to their call, for it was his conviction that if his countrymen were anywhere suffering it was his duty and privilege alike to suffer with them. He came, therefore, to Natal in 1893, and there he remained with the exception of one short interval of time, until 1913. As he was still a lawyer at this time, he began his fight against the Asiatic Exclusion Act, and won it in the face of the most bitter and unfair opposition on grounds of constitutionality. Then came the terrific battle for equitable, political and social recognition—a struggle fought from beginning to end with the weapons of passive or non-resistance. Not once in all the years of the protracted struggle was there resort to violence or yielding to the temptation of retaliation and revenge.

Acting as the leader and counsellor of his people, Gandhi founded a settlement in the open country just outside the city of Durban. Here he gathered the Indians, placed them on the land for self-support and bound them by the solemn vow of poverty. Here for years these organized thousands of resisters suffering constant deprivation and frequent outrage, carried on their struggle against the government. It was in essence, I suppose a strike—a withdrawal of the Indians from labour in the towns and villages and a

paralysis, therefore, of the industrial and social life of the republic. It was such a strike as Moses declared in ancient Egypt when he led the Israelites out of the land of Pharaoh into the vast reaches of the wilderness. But this strike if it may be called so was in one thing different from any previous strikes in human history! Usually in movements of this kind the resisters make it their business to take quick and sharp advantage of any difficulty into which their opponents may fall and press their claim the harder for this advantage. Gandhi however, took the opposite course. Whenever in these years of struggle the Government became embarrassed by unexpected troubles, Gandhi, instead of pushing the fight ruthlessly to victory, would call a truce and come to the succour of his enemy. In 1899 for instance the Boer War broke out. Gandhi immediately called off his strike and organized an Indian Red Cross unit which served throughout the war, was twice mentioned in dispatches, and was publicly thanked for bravery under fire. In 1904, there came a visitation of the plague in Johanesburg. Instantly the strike was "off" and Gandhi was busying himself in organizing a hospital in the pest-ridden city. In 1906 there was a native rebellion in Natal. Again the strike was suspended while Gandhi raised and personally led a corps of strecther-bearers, whose work was dangerous and painful. On this occasion he was publicly thanked by the Governor of Natal—and shortly afterwards on the resumption of the resistance movement thrown into a common jail in Johanesburg. It would be impossible for me to tell this morning the indignities and cruelties which were visited upon Gandhi during these years of intermittent resistance and forgiveness. He was thrown into prison countless times, placed in solitary confinement, bound hand and foot to the bars of his cage. He was again and again set upon by raging mobs beaten into insensibility and left for dead by the side of the road. When not outraged in this fashion he was insulted in public, mortified and humiliated with the most

exquisite pains. But nothing shook his courage, disturbed his equanimity, exhausted his patience or poisoned his love and forgiveness of his foes, And at last, after twenty years of trial and suffering he won the victory. In 1913 the Indian case was taken up by Lord Hardinge; an imperial commission reported in Gandhi's favour on nearly all the points at issue and an act was passed giving official recognition to his claims. I know of no more astonishing illustration of a battle won by doing no wrong, committing no violence, but simply enduring without resentment all the punishment the enemy can inflict, until at last he becomes weary and ashamed of punishment.

The second period of Gandhi's life began in 1913, and is at this moment in the full tide of its career. The period of course, has to do with the great revolutionary movement in India which had been slowly developing during his years of absence in South Africa. Immediately upon his return he took the leadership of this movement; but in 1914, with the outbreak of the war with Germany suspended all operations against English rule. To strike at England at such a moment, he contended was to sttike her in the back and it was as reprehensible to strike a nation in this cowardly fashion as to strike a man. Throughout the war, therefore, Gandhi gave enthusiastic support to the Empire in every way not inconsistent with his religious ideals.

Immediately that the war was closed however quickened by the outrages visited upon the Indians during this period by the oppression of English tyranny, Gandhi lifted again his banner of revolt and organized that stupendous Non-Co-operative movement, which is shaking the British Empire at this moment to its foundations. What we have here, under Gandhi's leadership is a revolution—a revolution different from any other of which history has knowledge. It is characterized by four distinctive features.

In the first place, it is a movement directed straight and hard against English rule in India. There is no concealment of Gandhi's determination to free his people from the injustice and cruelty implicit in alien domination. " So long " he says " as the Government spells injustice it may regard me as its enemy—implacable enemy." Again he declares, " I seek to paralyze this Government until we have wrung justice from unwilling hands, that is what I stand for." Still again he asserts, " I deliberately oppose the Government to the extent of trying to put its very existence in jeopardy." That this is sedition, Gandhi sees as clearly as any one. If he were charged under the sedition section of the Indian Penal Code he says that he could not plead not guilty. . . " For my speeches are intended to create disaffection such that the people might consider it a shame to assist or co-operate with a Government that had forfeited all title to confidence, respect or support."

With all this unbending opposition to English rule, however, there is mingled no hatred against the English people. Gandhi has never at any time been guilty of the sin to which most of us were tempted during the war with Germany, of confusing a Government with its people. " I tell the British people," says Gandhi, " that I love them, and that I want their association, but this must be on conditions not inconsistent with self-respect but on absolute equality."

Secondly, Gandhi's movement is a revolution which has no place for force or violence of any kind. " Non-violence " is its most conspicuous motto and slogan. For Gandhi, as we have seen, is a non-resister ; and in India, as in South Africa, will win his victory by peaceful means, or not at all. " Violence," he says, " whatever end it may serve in Europe, will never serve us in India. We must fight our battles with cleaner weapons, on a nobler plane of combat. Thus, we must meet their ungodliness by godliness ; we

must meet their untruth by truth; we must meet their cunning and their craft by openness and simplicity; we must meet their terrorism and frightfulness by bravery and patient suffering." Further, he says, "We must bring no violence against those who do not join our ranks"—how well were it, if Lenin practised this rule of conduct! And he adjures his followers to hold "every English life, and the life of every officer serving the Government, as sacred as those of our own dear ones"—think of what it would mean to Ireland if Sinn Fein observed this precept! "As soon as India," says Gandhi, "accepts the doctrine of the sword, my life as an Indian is finished. ....Then India will cease to be the pride of my heart."

In advocating thus the policy of non-violence, Gandhi takes pains to emphasize that he is not doing this because the Indians are weak. On the contrary he commends non-violence just because India is so strong and thus so well able to meet the hazards involved. "I believe in the doctrine of non-violence," says Gandhi, "as a weapon not of the weak but of the strong. I believe that man is the strongest soldier who dies unarmed with his breast bare before the enemy." Again, he says, . . . "I want India to practise non-violence because of her strength and power. No arms are required for her. We seem to need it because we seem to think that we are but a lump of flesh. I want India to recognize that she has a soul that cannot perish, and that can rise triumphant above every physical weakness and defy the physical combination of the world."

At bottom, of course, Gandhi advocates and practises non-resistance because he thinks it right. "The true thing," he declares, "for any human being on earth, is not justice based on violence but justice based on sacrifice of self." Again he says, "Non-violence is noble and right. . . . Forgiveness is more manly than punishment. Forgiveness adorns a soldier." It is

from this point of view, I take it, that Gandhi refers to his movement as "this religious battle"! He is insistent, however that non-resistance is not only right but expedient. It is the one sure way of attaining a triumph that will endure. "The condition of success," he says, "is to ensure entire absence of violence." Again, "India might resort to destruction of life and property, but it could serve no purpose. You need but the one weapon of suffering." Such truth is obvious to any one, says Gandhi, who understands the laws of a universe which is spiritual. "If we would realize the secret of this peaceful and infallible doctrine, we will know and find that we will not want to use even an angry word when they lift the sword, we will not want even to lift a little finger."

Non-violence, however, is not enough. Non-resistance means something more than mere acquiescence in suffering. It must have a positive or aggressive policy— and it is this which Gandhi provides in what he calls "Non-Co-operation." To all his followers Gandhi recommends refusal to co-operate in any of the political or social functions which are essential to the continuance of British rule in India. He urges the Indians boycott everything English, and thus paralyze the whole English system of control. Thus he advises that his countrymen refuse to sit on the local Councils; that native lawyers refuse to practise in the courts; that parents withdraw their children from the schools; that title-holders give up their titles. On the occasion of the recent tour of the Prince of Wales, he urged all Indians to refuse welcome or recognition to the Royal visitor. Even a boycott of the English goods is under consideration, but of this Gandhi voices his disapproval. Such policy, of course, if effectively carried out on a large scale, would destroy English rule in India; it would little by little bring paralysis to the Government as the hemlock brought inch by inch the chill of the death to the limbs of Socrates. "The

peacefullest revolution the world has ever seen" would be triumphant.

Lastly, as the crown of his great movement, Gandhi seeks the moral and spiritual regeneration of India on the lines of Indian thought, Indian custom, and Indian idealism. This means the exclusion, so far as possible of the influence of the West, with its industrial slavery its materialism, its money-worship and its wars. The first step in his endeavour is to wipe out the barriers which divide the Indians from one another, and make them one great united brotherhood. Thus, he seeks the obliteration of caste distinction and religious differences; Mohammedan must live peaceably with Hindu, and Hindu with Mohammedan. Then must come a leadership of mankind in ways of peace and amity. "I believe absolutely," says Gandhi, "that India has a mission for the world." His idealism, therefore, transcends the boundaries of race and country and seeks to make itself one with the highest hopes of humanity. "My religion," he cries, "has no geographical limits. If I have a living faith in it, it will transcend my love for India herself."

Such is Mahatma Gandhi! In this great spirit. he lives among the people. As he moves from city to city, crowds of thirty and even fifty thousand people assemble to hear his words. As he pauses for the night in a village, or in the open countryside, great throngs come to him as to a holy shrine. He would seem to be what the Indians regard him—the perfect and universal man. In his personal character, he is simple and undefiled. In his political endeavours, he is as stern a realist as Lenin, working steadfastly toward a far goal of liberation which must be won. At the same time, however, he is an idealist, like Roman Rolland living ever in the pure radiance of the spirit. When I think of Rolland, as I have said, I think of Tolstoi. When I think of Lenin, I think of Napoleon. But when I think of Gandhi, I think of Jesus Christ. He lives his life; he peaks his word; he suffers, strives, and will some day nsobly die, for his kingdom upon earth.

MAHATMA GANDHI

BY

W. W, PEARSON.

> **Gandhi is not only for India a hero of national history, whose legendary memory will be enshrined in the millennial epoch He has not only been the spirit of active life which has breathed into the peoples of India the proud consciousness of their unity, of their power, and the will to their independence. He has renewed for all the peoples of the West, the message of their Christ, forgotten or betrayed. He has inscribed his name among the sages and saints of humanity; and the radiance of his figure has penetrated into all the regions of the earth.** —*Romain Rolland.*

Whatever may be one's personel opinion of the Indian leaders, M. K. Ghandi, there can be no doubt that he is a remarkable man. Remarkable because his standard of conduct and method of action are so entirely different from those of other Indian leaders. Statesmen and politicians are seldom guided by the motives which compel Gandhi to action, and the very fact that in him we see a man who wields enormous influence over his countrymen by a character—the exact antithesis of the ordinary political leader — gives to his personality a peculiar interest. One Governor of a British Province in the East has described him as "a dangerous and mis guided saint." Everyone, whether foe or friend, agrees in regarding him as a saint. And it is because of his evident saintliness of character that he has such an unparalleled influence in India at the present day.

In a recent article on Gandhi in an American magazine he was described as "A Monk who imperils British Rule in India." That one man by the force of his austere and ascetic character should be regarded as a menace to one of the greatest Empires that has ever

policy might happen to be, and it is just because of the great influence which he exercises over the people that he is regarded as so dangerous an opponent of British rule in India. He cannot be bribed or tempted by personal ambition to change his methods. He is a man who, having once accepted a principle, will not yield an inch even to those whom he knows to be his friends, even though he knows that by yielding he might gain large numbers of adherents. Some people have said that he is easily influenced by those around him, and is being used as a tool by the Extremist leaders who regard his fame as a taint and a valuable asset for their own propaganda. As a matter of fact no man is less readily influenced or diverted by external pressure from his purpose than Mr. Gandhi. I came across a striking example of this some years ago when I first had the privilege of meeting Mr. Gandhi.

It was in the autumn of 1913 that trouble arose in South Africa because of the treatment of the Indian residents in that Colony. Gandhi had for years been struggling on behalf of his fellow-countrymen to assert their right in South Africa as fellow-citizens with the white subjects of the British Empire. He had given up a lucrative legal practice in order to devote his whole time to this cause. A crisis was reached in October 1913 owing to the action of Mr. Gandhi in starting an extensive Passive Resistance Movement aimed at inducing the Union Government to grant their demands. As a result of his appeal thousands men, women and children marched without permits from Natal into the Transvaal. while many others went on strike in the mines and sugar plantations. The government arrested and imprisoned thousands converting the mines into jails to accommodate the unprecedented number of prisoners. Mr. Gandhi as well as two or three European sympathisers were also imprisoned. Feeling in India at the news ran high, so high indeed that the Viceroy. Lord Hardinge, made a strong public protest in a speech in Madtas against the treatment of Indian citizens of the

Empire in South Africa. In every province of Iadia the people united in protest and the government both in India and in England became alarmed. At last the South African Government realising the danger to the Empire, hastily appointed a Commission to enquire into the grievances of the Indian leaders in order that they might give evidence, But in appointing the commissioners they did not appoint any nominee or representative of the Ind an community. They did not even consult the Ind ian leaders as to the scope and character of th e Commission. Mr. Gandhi protested and asked that the Indian community be allowed to appoint at least one representative to serve on this Commission, but the Government refused. Mr. Gandhi then made the announcement that as a protest he would neither give evidence himself nor could he advice any self-respecting Indian to give evidence. This would obviously stultify the work of the Commission and at the same time would give to the critics of Indian aspirations the occasion for saying that the Indians refused to give evidence simply because their evidence was weak, In India, the great Indian statesman and politician, the Hon'ble G .K. Gokhale, for whom Gandhi had the profoundest admiration and love, saw this clearly enough and was almost daily sending cables to Mr. Gandhi urging him to reconsider his decision. Mr. Gokhale felt that such a boycott of the Commission would be sure to have a detrimental effect on any sympathy which the Indian case had aroused both in England and in South Africa itself. But Mr, Gandhi was adamant on this point, He regarded the honour and self-respect of the Indian community as at stake, and although he realised that he was going against the wishes of the one Indian whom he respected above all others, and that Mr. Gokhale was right in so far as political expediency was concerned, he would not retract, and the Commission sat without hearing the evidence either of Gandhi or any other Indian of position or influence.

I remember clearly being greatly struck with this unusual and unyielding allegiance to principle. On a point of honour Mr. Gandhi would never compromise; and since then though I have seen him under very different circumstances I have never known him to compromise the honour and self-respect of India. It is this quality which seems to some to be his weakness because for the sake of some distant and unattained ideal he often loses for the time being some obvious but temporary advantage. But in reality it is this quality which constitutes Gandhi's strength ; for, everyone who has to deal with him knows that he will never accept any policy or accede to any request which he himself believes to be contrary to his principle of Truth. We disagree with him as to what is Truth, we may disapprove of the methods he adopts for achieving his ends. but one thing is self-evident to alls who come into contact with him and that is the fact that Gandhi is absolutely disinterested in his action and cares not at all for his own personal popularity or position.

In appearance he is not at first striking. His very asceticism makes him insignificant physically. He peosonifies an idea and when he is expressing it his bryh does not seem to count. When I first met him in Soud Africa he was taking only one meal a day and thtat consisted of fruits, nuts, and whole meal bread with olive oil. He took very little sleep and from early morning till late at night he was busy interviewing people, discussing plans of compaign, and writing important despatches to India and to the Government authorities in Pretoria. But however busy he was, he always had time to talk with the poorest of sthe coolies who came to see him and to consult him constantly. He would ask them often to come and sit by him as he took his meals in order that he might have more time for talking to them. The poorest people felt that he wa

their friend; for he had a word for all. When he went to Pretoria to see General Smuts and General Botha he was dressed in the simple home-spun which he always wears, and walked barefoot. He face expresses great patience and love, and to me he seemed nearer to my idea of Saint Francis of Assisi than anyone I had ever seen. He believed intensely in the ultimate victory of those who try to " Conquer hatred by love," and never allowed people to express hatred towards those whom he regarded as treating his fellow-countrymen unjustly. He strives with implacable insistence by the force of moral persuasion to compel his rulers to yield to his demands for fair and just treatment.

He expects this unfaltering loyalty to Truth in his followers, and although gentle and very tolerant towards those who differ from him, over those who once ally themselves to him he exerts a moral authority which is almost despotic. Regarding celibacy as the highest estate for service of humanity he expects those who live in his community to observe the same rule of continence that he has imposed upon himself. Also he is a rigid vegetarian though I remember his once advising me to eat meat when I had been ill.

He is chivalrous to his opponents and never takes advantage of the weakness of those who are opposing him however tempting the opportunity may be. This quality he has shown once or twice in his recent campaign. But the following example will suffice. Shortly after his release from jail early in 1914 a serious strike broke out amongst the white labourers on the Rand. Gandhi had a week previously threatened to re-start the Passive Resistance Movement and to call the Indian coolies in the mines and on the plantations out on strike as a protest against the lack of representation on the Commission referred to above. Instead of taking advantage of the difficulty in which the Government was placed, Gandhi announced that the Passive Resistance Movement would be entirely sus-

pended until the Government was free from the embarrassment caused by the strike on the Rand. Had he chosen he could have carried out his threat while the Government's hands were filled with the Rand Strike and probably might have gained much for which he had been for so long struggling. But he was chivalrous to his opponent and General Smuts was the man to appreciated chivalry of this kind, for when later the Indian question again came up for discussion he was sound in a frame of mind much more ready to listen to the Indian point of view. But this was not done as a matter of tactics ; it was a point of honour to fight clean. In the end it proved to be good tactics also, for by the middle of 1914 most of the demands of the Indian community were met and laws were passed in the Union Parliament granting juster treatment to Indians in the Colony.

I have described Mr. Gandhi's public activities in South Africa, but in order to know the complete character of the man it is necessary to say something of his private life. Near Durban he had a Settlement which was a community based on the principles of service. It was situated at Phoenix, and it was there that one saw Gandhi in the atmosphere and surroundings in which his charaeteristic unselfishness was most apparent. It was modelled on the lines which Tolstoy had advocated at the close of the last century. Mr. Gandhi had a profound admiration for Tolstoy and his teachings, aud possibly owes more of his present attitude on the value of Passive Resistance to that great Western Teacher than to the teachings of his own religion, though "*ahimsa*" (aversion to slaughter or inoffensiveness) is one of the chief doctrines of the Hinduism which Gandhi both practises and preaches.

It was at this Settlement that one saw Mr. Gandhi co-operating in the work which the boys and other members of the community were engaged in. Often did I pro-

test against the way in which Mr. Gandhi spent his valuable time, in the midst of his great public responsibilities in menial tasks which could so easily have been carried out by less prominent members of the Settlement. When the Hon. Mr. Gokhale was guest at Phoenix, he had the same experience, and he often told humorously of the heartless tyranny of his host who insisted upon doing the most menial tasks, including that of the sweeper, for his guests. To protests he would reply that as regards a piece of work which had to be done and got through there has no highness or lowness about it—if a piece of work was thought to be too dirty for him (Gandhi), it should be regarded as too dirty and low even for any poor sweeper, who was just as much a human being as he himself.

It is this readiness to make the same sacrifices which he asks those who follow him to make which gives to him his moral authority. As a writer in India has said of him :

"Mr. Gandhi has always been prepared to accept and has always actually accepted for himself the direct logical outcome of his principles, whatever hardship and breach of social convention it may involve. This combined with his utter sincerity, the austere simplicity of his life and his readiness to serve the people at all costs and sacrifices, explains his unparalleled hold over his countrymen. No trick or posing can give such influence to any leader."

When Mr. Gandhi gave up a lucrative legal practice in Johanesburg. the annual income from which was over Dols. 15,000 in order that he might serve his countrymen, he was obeying the same impelling call which came to Saint Francis of Assisi, and later to Tolstoy. But although he felt that poverty was necessary to himself because it gave him freedom, he does not ask others to follow his example and amongst many of his most enthusiastic friends and admirers are men of

wealth and position. His desire was to win for the Indians of South Africa the equality which he regarded not only as the right to every citizen of the British Empire but also as the right of every human being. But although he fought the Government to win the justice he knew was the right of his countrymen, he co-operated whenever possible with the very government whose abuses he was attempting to remove. He received the Zulu war medal for his services as the officer in charge of the Indian Volunteer Service Corps in 1906, and the Boer war medal for his services as Assistant Superintendent of the Indian Volunteer Stretcher Beare Corps during the Boer War of 1899—1900. He was also ater decorated by the Indian Government with the Klaiser-i-Hind gold medal for his humanitarian work in South Africa. It was his hope that by showing the readiness and ability of Indians to share in the dangers and responsibilities of the Empire he would win for them some measure of respect. These medals he now returned to the British Government as a protest against the action of the authorities in regard to Turkish Peace Treaty and their attitude to those who were responsible for the shooting of hundreds of innocent people at Amritsar. Up till quite recently he had believed in the ultimate triumph of justice because he trusted the British people to see that justice was done. Now that hope he has surrendered as will be seen from his letter to " Every Englishman in India. "

Most Englishmen in India regard Gandhi as a clever politician who attains his political ends by masquerading under the cloak of of a saint. It is true that no other politician in India has succeeded in doing what Gandhi has done, uniting the people of every Province in a common demand for freedom. Even the late Mr. Gokhale, the greatest Indian statesman of modern times and Gandhi's ideal politician, did not succeed simply because he measured the immediate consequences of his actions in a way which Gandhi never does.

Gandhi has succeeded in awakening the common feeling of nationality of which Sir John Seeley speaks in his "Expansion of England.', When, referring to India, he wrote :—

"If there could arise in India a nationality movement similar to that which we witnessed in Italy, the English power could not even make the resistance that was made in Italy by Austria, but must succumb at once."

Mr. Gandhi believed for many years in the doctrine of gradual evolution towards self-government and tried the method of co-operation with the British Government whenever possible. But at length he has adopted a more incisive method, and has created in the masses the feeling that it is shameful to be under foreign domination. Sir John Seeley wrote—

"If the feeling of a common nationality began to exist in India only feebly ; if, without any active desire to drive out the foreigner, it only created a notion that it was shameful to assist the foreigner in maintaining his dominion, from that day, almost, our Empire would cease to exist."

Sir Michael O'Dwyer writing recently in the London "Fortnightly" has said :

"Since the Mutiny, the position of our government was never so weak, its credit never so low.

"Our margin of safety in India was never very large, and in these days of world-wide anxiety and peril it has been reduced almost to vanishing point."

But it would not have been possible for Gandhi to have created this feeling had not external circumstances concurrently converted the masses of the people to the belief that the continuance of foreign rule was no longer tolerable. For the last twenty years the desire for a greater share in the government

of their country has been growing rapidly in India, and many methods have been attempted to attain this end. The Indian National Congress has met year after year and talked, the Swadeshi movement in Bengal, which started after Lord Curzon's attempt to partition Bengal in the teeth of the unanimous opposition of the people had its enthusiastic response in the imagination of the whole of Bengal, while religious organizations like the Arya Samaj in the Punjab, and the Ram Krishna Mission started by followers of Swami Vivekananda in Bengal, all had their share in educating the people to a realisation of their own rights. But none of these went so directly to the root of the matter as Gandhi's preaching of Non-co-operation. He showed that in thousands of subtle ways Indians were by their co-operation with the existing form of government simply prolonging its life. He pointed out that no government can exist except with the co-operation of the people.

Seeley's words are coming true, and, they are coming true because of the influence of this one man, Gandhi.

Gandhi has been able to unite the people of India as they have never before been united not only because of his unfaltering loyalty to a moral ideal and by his austere and ascetic personal life, but because the British Government has itself fed fuel to the fires of national aspiration. Confronting the most powerful Empire in existence stands one man, Gandhi, who cares nothing for his own personal life, who is uncompromising and fearless in the application of principles which he has once accepted, and who scorns any longer to receive or beg for favours from a Government which he regards as having "forfeited all title to confidence, respect or support." He believes in conquering hate by love, in the triumph of right over might, and all the effort of his public life is directed towards persuading the masses of India of the truth of this ideal. —*The Asian Review.*

AN ESTIMATE OF MAHATMA GANDHI

BY

PERCIVAL LANDON.

Many people, even some who sincerely admire him will differ from some of his ideas and some of his ways of doing things. His style of doing things is individual, is his own and, as in the case of other great men, does not conform to the usual standards But however often we may differ from him, we are conscious all the time of his sincerity, his unselfishness, and above all of his fundamental and universal humanity. He always acts as a great human, with deep sympathy for men of all classes and all races and especially for the under-dog His outlook has nothing sectional about it, but is distinguished by that universal and eternal human which is the hall-mark of true greatness of spirit. —*Gen. Smuts.*

I have spent a long time in the frankest conversation with Mr. Gandhi and at length have succeeded in forming a complete, though almost incredible, estimate of his attitude to the campaign to which he has devoted every faculty and every moment of his life. "No one understands Mr. Gandhi's crusade," said a sage to me in Bombay, "who does not know Mr. Gandhi." What I have to say, therefore, may probably seem impossible to those who have never met this amazing and dangerous man, who in solitude bestrides the field of Indian sedition like a colossus, In truth he is alone. He does not seem to need lieutenants or councillors, who embarrass him with their practical suggestions as much as Mr. Gandhi bewilders them by his pure Utopianism. Whether they remain or desert him makes no difference ; his appeal is to the lowest of the population, and his strength lies precisely in the fact that his teaching is a visionary reconstruction of the Golden Age based upon universal

loving-kindness. He preaches to the heart and despises the head. And, therefore, he has no parallel in the world to-day, either in the semi-divine charaeter of his influence or in the magnitude of the disaster which will attend his success.

Seated on the floor in a small, barely-furnished room, I found the Mahatma, clad in rough, white home-spun. He turned up to me, with a smile of welcome, the typical head of the idealist—the skull well formed and finely modelled ; the face narrowing to the pointed chin. His eyes are deep, kindly, and entirely same ; his hair is greying a little over the forehead. He speaks gently and well, and in his voice is a note of detachment which lends uncanny force to the strange doctrines that he has given up his life to teach. One could not imagine him ruffled, hasty, or resentful, not the least part of the moral supremacy in his crusade is his universally-known willingness to turn the other cheek to the smiter. From the first it must be realised that consciously his teaching has been influenced by that of Christ, for whom his admiration has long been rhe almost dominating feature of his spiritual life and probably the external character of his daily activity, has been modelled also upon Him. He made a curious observation during our conversation, which throws some light upon his interpretation of the Galilean Teacher. In answer to a remark of mine that Christ strictly abstained from interfering in politics, Mr. Gandhi answered, " I do not think so but, if you are right, the less Christ in that was He."

The achievement of an ideal world built upon selflessness and governed by loving kindness alone, which has proved too much for the Christian nations seems to Mr. Gandhi a self evident possibility. The danger, the very real danger, of the man lies in the fact that his belief is exactly that best calculated

appeal to the Oriental, and most certain, if adopted, to lead in India to internecine bloodshed and disintegration and—should our long patience become exhausted—to Indian servitude to some other power more willing than ourselves to keep the sabre rattling in its sheath. It is precisely his idealism which makes him the worst enemy of his own people.

Courteous, implacable, and refined, Mr. Gandhi explained to me the faith that was in him, and as he did so my hopes of an understanding between him and the English grew less and less. The hated civilisation and rule of England must go. I suggested the unprotected state of India should our work come to an end.

" If India has sufficient unity to expel the British, she can also protect herself against foreign aggression; universal love and soul force will keep our shores inviolate. It is by making armaments that war is made."

" But what of the religious antagonism between Hindus and Moslems ?"

" No trouble will come."

I thought of the transfigured face of a certain distinguished Moslem follower of Mr. Gandhi, in the Punjab, and his eager anticipation of the day when the coast would be clear and Islam would crush Hindu opposition and re-establish India as the Sovereign Moslem State—and I renewed the question to which he replied.

" If trouble should ensue I shall be ready to accept it. If even all India were submerged in the struggle it would only be a proof that India was evil, and it would be for the best."

His attitude not unnaturally made me ask what he thought about Lenin. He said he did not know

enough about Lenin, but in any case he would prefer Bolshevism to British rule. Unless what has been said before is borne in mind, this answer might seem to justify much that has been charged against Mr. Gandhi, but I am convinced that idealism uncontrolled, is at the root of every extravagant view enunciated by Mr. Gandhi. We agreed that Western and Eastern standards were irreconcilable, but I asked him if he could find no good in English civilisation. He said it was not against individual Englishmen that he directed his campaign. He admitted that several Englishmen that he directed his compaign. He admitted that several Englishmen had shown a willingness to work unselfishly for India, and instanced Bradlaugh, Jardine, Wedderburn. and Montague. Asked why, then, he opposed the reforms, he said that the justice they intended had been whittled away by those to whom their application had been entrusted, He would not admit that he could have carried on his campaign inside the Chambers by sending deputies—a remark which gives food for thought. Either he believes that the intense centralisation of the no-co-operative moment would be destroyed thereby, or he wishes as yet to avoid a definite issue between himself and the moderates. In any case his famous justification of his use of such bad products of British civilisation as railways and post offices, on the ground of helping the cause, should apply here also. His policy in this matter suggests weakness in political organisation.

His bitterness against modern civilisation is at once the strength and weakness of his campaign. Presented as the protest of Hinduism against the Black Age in which we are now living, ir makes a direct appeal to the country districts, whose antagonism to the large towns is one of the disregarded factors in the present Indian situation. He frankly admitted that in two matters, sanitation and organisation,

he admired British methods, but he did not seem to realise that the latter covered almost the whole ground of our administration of India. Similar inconsistencies between Western and Eastern standpoints account for much in Mr. Gandhi's teaching, but he seems to forget that India has already attempted something like his Utopia and found it unpractical. Listening to Mr. Gandhi, one was again and again reminded of the beautiful vision of a world of selfless kindliness that Gautama inculcated twenty-four centuries ago—a world that never existed, a vision which has left human nature unhchanged.

Coming to essentials, I asked him directly whether he did not see that his campaign of non-violence as he conducted it must inevitably result in violence, for which he must be held responsible.

" There will be no trouble unless the Englishmen begin it." This was so like the German contention that France began hostilities that I asked him if he had said that he believed that the Government of Bihar had recently provoked violence. He said he did not believe it, and added, with a smile, that much was alleged of him that he had never said.

Courteous and refined he remained to the end, but implacable he remained also, and I could only sum up my impression of my visit in the conviction that a pure idealist, whom the people of India reverenced as a good, must through the very qualities which had enthroned him, end by delivering them over to bloodshed and misery.

—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE INDIAN SAINT

BY

COL. JOSIAH C. WEDGEWOOD, M. P.

India is drifting into anarchy, To understand what is now happening in Indin one must first understand Mahatma Gandhi, and then the state of the clay which he is moulding. The saint or Mahatma has India at his feet; the "intelligentsia" differs from him in private, rarely in public; propery differs from him and trembless; the Government, any Government, differs from him (because he goes to rhe root of all Governments), and thinks it best to—wait.

The last time I saw him he was sitting cross-legged on a mattress on the floor, eating a dish of rice, and surrounded by a semi-circle of squatting disciples. All he wore was his small white convict cap and a pair of coarse white trousers. "Why have you not brought Mrs. Wedge wood?" said he. On the whole, I was glad I had not, for I know few things more unpleasant than being perched up on a chair, in boots, when all around are silent strangers on the floor.

Gandhi specializes in giving up, in reducing his wants; his recreation is fasting, and making his disciples fast. He looks so physicially frail and weak and small that one could carry him as one does a child, and he makes one feel like that towards him. He is as serious as any child, and as pure. All this has captured India. One does not feel it blasphemous to compare him with Chirst; and Christ, too, one suspects, gave infinite trouble to reasonable and respectable followers. For Gandhi is a philoso-

phic anarchist—a new edition of Tolstoy, without Tolstoys' past and a Tolstoy who has long since subdued Nature and shrunk into simplicity.

He tells me that when first he came to London he took lessons in dancing and elocution to fit himself for the polite world. But he is a Jain, peculiarly averse to taking life, and while still a child, he had already found the efficacy of non-resistance ; he now came upon Ruskin's " Unto this last," and the dancing lessons ceased. A loathing of civilization, especially Western civilization, grew up. He read Tolstoy's "The kingdom of Heaven is Within You," and it fitted in. In South Africa in the early years of the century, he was still nominally a lawyer, but the practice died out, and instead the gaols of the Transvaal and Natal began to be full of his disciples. The last cure for oppression by Government is to be completely indifferent to whatever Government may do. Non-recognition of law, non-co-operation with the State which is the embodiment of civilization, was born in South Africa. It is a terrible weapon, but it can be used only by those who are prepared to lose all. That is a condition which is just beginning to be understood by Indian Nationalists, and they are beginning to shy. It does not deflect the Mahatma. Three times he was gaoled ; once he was left for dead, murdered by his own followers for imagined treachery.

In South Africa, too, he wrote his first book, "Indian Home Rule" and sketched the same scheme. If you would destroy English rule, you must go to the root—cease to use the schools and law courts. refuse to plead, go to goal gladly. "The Westren civilization has corrupted you. Cast it out—by non-co-operation." But he is not so much interested in destroying Western rule as Western civilization, Western wants, and the parasitic work of towns. Such cotton clothes as he has are hand-spun, hand-

woven, and hand-made. His food (when not fasting) is too simple to create fear of gaol life. (Only, he does use a highpowered motor and the railway train [third class], and the Philistines jeer !)

All this shows why he has such a hold on India, the land of resignation, and also why the fear of him grows too. He takes the students away from the colleges without asking the parents' leave saying, "Follow me." Education may be a universal need, but educationalists are a Western product, and they squirm. Pandit Malaviya will even fight for his child, the Benares, University. Parliaments and Councils are the machinery of Western Government. "Do not join them!" and the Indian politicians, exasperated by Punjab Martial Law, gave them up too, and hand the Councils over to the Moderates. They do not like it but they obey. I fear he tolerates Democracy as little as Autocracy on account of their last two syllables, Only he cannot get the lawyers to leave their practices or officials to leave their posts. Only—Gandhi himself is not mighty enough to destroy Western civilization, even by precept and practice, or by his hold on the masses—masses crying, "Mahatma Gandhi ki jai"—"to Gandhi the victory," though that victory lead them they know not where, Gandhi alone is not enough to drive India to anarchy. There are his allies, the Moslem fanatics ; and there is the Government, which for fear of prestige, dare not apologize.

—"*The Nation.*"

GANDHI THE MAN AND LEADER

BY

BY SRI PRAKASA

We must all revere a man who has throughout a life of devoted service persisted in the sternest self-discipline, the most exacting reunciations, the passion for self-purification. —*Arthur Moore*

Mahatma gandhi has been a legend to me since I was a boy at school ; and while still at College, I remember to have read about him in the handy pamphlets issued at the time by Mr. G. A. Natesan of Madras, an old family friend of ours, which gave much useful information about the various phases of the Indian movement, and brought the youthful reader in contact with the heroes of the time. I also remember how I used to be deeply moved with emotion and how my eyes were filled with tears, as I read of the struggles and sufferings of Mahatma Gandhi in the terrific and unequal struggle he was waging in South Africa for the vindication of the bare rights of his fellow-countrymen to live in the land which owed so much to their skill and industry. From Mr. Gandhi he had become 'Karmavir' Gaudhi, expressing the spontaneous homage that a grateful people paid to their saviour. He was soon to become 'Mahatma' Gandhi, for the world was before long to realise his spiritual greatness along with his extreme efficiency in action.

Mahatmaji's name was familiar to all young men interested in public affairs, even in those far-off days, and his activities were followed with great admiration by them, wherever they might be. The final stages of the South African stuggle under him, came when I was studying in Englad ; and I remember how intens-

ely excited we Indian students used to be as accounts of the sorrows of our country-men in South Africa reached us. I just missed meeting Mahatmaji in England, as I had come away a little before he went there on his final mission of peace and goodwill. It was in 1916 thar I first actually saw him. He had come to the ceremony of the laying of the founation-stone of the Benares Hindu University. I believe all of us are inclined to endow our boyhood's heroes with huge impressive bodies and many other non-existing and almost impossible physical 'virtues.'

I must, therefore, confess that as I first saw Mahatma Gandhi, with his smail frail body and unattractive exterior, clad in a coarse short 'dhoti' and a small cotton double-breaster, and a curiously tied rope-like turban on his head—I was informed that that was the dress of the Gujarati peasant—he did not appear to be the hero I had dreamt of.

I believe, sub-consciously I had imagined him—even though I must have seen many photographs of him before then—as a person of high stature and attractive features, elaborately dressed, impressing every one by his commanding presence and noble bearing. So when someone first pointed out Mahatma Gandhi to me, I remember to have been very much taken aback. But I was destined to come near him almost immediately after this. Most eminent persons of Hindu India had come on the occasion. Lectures by many of them were arranged for, in the old Central Hindu College (Kashi Naresh) Hall, so familiar to me since my childhood. Mahatma Gandhi had been also put down as the chief speaker on one of those days. He used to come to the lectures of others also.

One evening he had come quietly and taken a back seat unknown to the persons around. I was in-charge of the arrangements of these lectures. Pandit

Malaviyaji spotting him from the 'dais' asked me to bring him along from that distant seat to the 'dais' itself. So I went up to him and asked him to come. He said he was quite comfortable and would like to be left there. When I cartied this message to Malaviyaji, I was asked to go back to him and bring him. So I went to him again and committed the impertinence of actully taking hold of his hand, saying he must come as Malaviyaji wanted him. He then came to honour the rostrum with his presence.

But the 'worst' was still to follow. It was when he himself spoke a day or two later. A galaxy of Princes, their Highnesses from many States, bedecked and be-jewelled, were sitting on the 'dais', in an imposing semi-circle. The hall and platform were all crowded to their capacity. The Maharaja of Darbhanga was in the chair. Mahatmaji rose to speak. The story that rent round those days, modified in material particulars later by the history of his life he himself gave to the world in his own words, was that Mahatma Gandhi on his arrival in India in the previous year had offered his services to Mr. Gokhale who was among the most important figures in the political world at the time. It was said that Mahatmaji was anxious to join Mr. Gokhale's Servants of India Society. Mr. Gokhale had met Gandhiji in South Africa and had no end of respect and regard for him. In fact, I was present at the farewell function held in London to bid Mr. Gokhale godspeed on his mission to South Africa in 1913.

On one occasion, Mr. Gokhale had said, what was to come true over and over again, that "Gandhiji had the capacity of making heroes out of common clay." It was said that Mr. Gokhale had saked Gandhiji to study the situation for a whole year, mithout opening his mouth, before making up his mind regarding his future work. India was not South Afrlca

he had been assured ; and so he was naturally cautioned to move warily.

It was truly a terrific speech that he made. Terrible police precautions had been taken at the time, for the safety of the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, who had come to lay the foundation stone of the Hindu University. The town was in a state of siege. All social life was suspended. The police—latent as well as patent—were everywhere in evidence. All houses along the route were guarded. People could not cross the roads or even get doctors for their ailing relatives.

Mahatmaji was deeply hurt and he went hammer and tongs at all these manifestations of power against a whole people, for the safety of a single man, however eminent he might be. He first spoke of his visit to the Viswanath temple and all the dirt he had seen there. It was very clear to him that a people who lived in such squalour were unfit to be free or great. Then he admonished the Princes for their luxury ; and some bitter things he said against our cowardliness because of which we dare not say what we feel and act as we desire ; and went on to say how good the English people were in their own homes and wondered why they became so bad in India—so rough, so rude, so unbearable. He was clear in his mind that the fault must be ours because there was something in us which made other people bad, for our touch itself seemed to pollute. Then he referred to the precautions that had been taken to protect the Viceroy, and even said that it would be better that a Viceroy should be killed than that a helpless people should be terrorised in such a manner.

The effect of his words as they came in his familiar rasping voice that carried very far those days, can be imagined.

The audience was spell-bound and thrilled to the bone. One could hear a pin drop ; but there was a

a visible agitation on the 'dais'. The Commissioner of the Division became restive and thought that their Highnesses should not sit where such speeches were being delivered. Mrs. Besant was fidgetty and was whispering to my father who was sitting next to her: "What is the man talking?" The Maharaja of Darbhanga at last interrupted. Mahatma Gandhi became silent at once. The audience vociferously cried: "Go on," "Go on." Manatmaji said. "I am in the hands of the President. I can go on only if he orders; and not at your bidding." The Maharaja consulted Pandit Malaviyaji and others near him. Then he asked Mahatmaji to proseed. Mahatmaji again began in the same strain. The Princes got up and left. The officials left. The Maharaja of Dharbhanga and the Maharaja of Nabha still continued where they were. The audience were guided to their seats. They wanted Mahatmaji to go on, but Mahatmaji stood silent as a rock unmoved.

The confusion and the clamour of the moment can be imagined. The situation was beyond me though I was the incharge of the arrangements. At last even the President left, and as Mahatmaji left with me following close behind him, I heard him saying to the persons around him:

"What is the matter? What did I say? I have said nothing improper," And I saw him to the gate, himself unperturbed, and still amazed. A wit remarked: I have seen the audience going away from meetings out of boredom; I have seen speakers being made to sit down because they were irrelevant or too long-winded; but I had never seen before to-day, the President himself abandon his meeting!

When Pandit Malaviyaji saw the Commissioner late at night, he found this "embodiment of law and order" writing out an order for the immediate externment of Mahatma Gandhi from Benares. Pandit

Malaviyaji was able to stop the impudence, undertaking himself to request Gandhiji to go.

That one speech of Mahatmaji could have told all who heard him, something about the coming future. Not long afterwards friends from Bihar told him of how European planters were misbehaving there and invited him to visit the Province. Gandhiji promised to come to Bihar and true to his promise —and he always fulfils what he promises, whether the matter is a small one or a big one—he soon went there; and the first Satyagraha movement was launched and successfully terminated, he himself becoming a member of the committee of enquiry set up by the Government, after he had refused to obey magisterial orders to leave. tremblingly served by local officers, and had almost been imprisoned in consequence. Long afterwards when Gandhiji was writing his autobiography, his "Expuriments with Truth." in "Young India", and I, like the rest of his innumerable readers, was following the grand story of his life's unfolding, simply told, week after week, with the greatest interest and enthusiasm it was a matter of quite disappointment to me to find that he had slurred over the Benares on to the next chapter of his life without mentioning incident and gone this which to me seemed to be so very important. I wrote to him about this and asked him how and why he had forgotten it.

He replied in his own hand-writing—telling me that he had not forgotten the incident at all; that he was very proud of what he then said and did; that he did not know whence he got the strength to act as he had acted on the occasion; but that he had deliberately avoided mentioning that incident. The world has thus been unhappily deprived of a knowledge of his own reactions to what had happened then. That is a great pity and a great national loss.

But Gandhiji left Benares as the hero of the land; for had he not spoken frankly against the ways of the Government, expressing the unspoken thoughts of the multitudes? Had he not asked the Princes to sell their jewels and to give the proceeds to the poor?

Had he also not told us—and this was the most importanr part of his performance that day, as it definitely told all whom it may concern; and it concerned everyone of us that we ourselves were to blame for all our sufferings; that when we contentedly live in physical and spirtitual mire, we are unfit for anything good and desirable; that we were a disgrace to ourselves, and that we corrupt all with whom we come in contact? This has been the aim of his mission; this is the crux of his teachings. Like the Buddha, he said; 'Ye who suffer, know ye suffer from yourselves', for 'none else compels'; like the Christ he called on those who had coats to sell them and to follow him and help and succour the humble and the unfortunate; like the Vedantik-philosopher, he asked everyone to look within himself to find the cause of his troubles, and eradicate them by his own endeavours; like the devotee—'bhakta,' he said that in self-purification lay the path of emancipation and attainment.

All this happened very nearly 30 years ago—a little over 28 to be exact. It was not before long that Gandhiji took the plunge; and ever since then, he has dominated the Indian scene in a manner almost unparalleled in history.

There have been great thinkers who have dominated the world of thought: there have been great actors who have dominated the world of action; but Mahatma Gandhi seems to me to be the solitary figure in known history, who has dominated the worlds, both of thought and of action.

The biography of Napolean may be the history of France for about a couple of decades: but his was the method of the sword and his chariot rolled with bloody wheels from victory to victory, carrying terror and sorrow to the countryside Alexander and Caesar had played the same game before; they had all been great men of action. Gandhiji's way is that of love; and his tours bring comfort to all who see and hear him; and his peaceful conquests give hope and joy to those who come under his sway. He too is a great man of action.

There have been great teachers of religion—Buddha and Jesus; and of philosophy—Shankar and Vyas; there have been great devotees of God, Francis and Chaitanya, who drew multitudes around them. They were verily men of thought; but they had little to do with the lives of men and women as members of organised social and political systems. Gandhi too has his religion and his philosophy, his strong devotion to and faith in a living God. In all that, he is a man of thought and has his strange detached out-look; and still he is ever in close touch with the world around him, and lives for and in it.

It is not easy for one to speak of a man like that; and when one has the privilege of personal contact, it is almost impossible to be detached; it is certainly embarrassing to be critical.

Scores of incidents come to my memory which would be worthy of recording as giving sidelights to the man's character, for character can best be judged in little things. Gandhiji is no god; he is intensely human, he has his little weaknesses that only help to endear him to those who are near him, for these are in keeping with human nature and are thus intelligible to the ordinary man. His love and affection for individuals, his natural emotions, his little partialities irritations, cruelties, and, now and then, his desire for a ittle peace and leisure away from the toil and tur-

moil of his life, make him human. But two human weaknesses he definitely has not.

In a world where so few are really reliable he can be trusted absolutely in small as well as big things. He is methodical and punctual, almost to a fault, and scrupulously keeps all his engagements. And how hard he works—and can work. He knows no rest or recreation ; he can do with but little sleep. It all appears so abnormally unhuman.

Then he can never be induced to speak or hear any evil of anyone. We are all prone to talk against and impute motives to others behind their backs. I wonder if anyone has ever heard Gandhiji say anything evil or sinister against anyone. Here he is essentially a 'man' in a world where there are so few 'men,' in all the strength, the glory and greatness of mind and soul even when the body is frail and weak that go to the making of true manhood.

He means what he says, he says what he means ; there is no pretension about him. If a learned man uses learned arguments before him, he frankly and sincerely confesses his own ignorance, saying ; "I have no knowledge of this matter or this book." If he has not heard of Engels or of Charlie Chaplin, he frankly avows his ignorance to his interlocutor.

He is however, firm as a rock ; and when once he has made up his mind, nothing can move him ; neither the tears of those who are near him, nor the doubts of those who apparently understand matters better ; nor the thunders of the mighty who are ever ready with their chains as their syllogism and their jail gates as their best arguments, can make him swerve one inch from the straight and narrow path he has prescribed for himself.

He is not above devotedly performing the ordinary householder's duties ; he has been the head of a family and knows what a father must do. His love

for little children, and their needs is well known; his hospitality is great and genuine; his extreme attention to even the slightest wants of those who are near him is touching to a degree. In a public meeting at Dehra Dun where 'Ba' had lost her slippers, he took a paper and a pencil and drew the outlines of his wife's feet in the manner of an expert shoe-maker and handed over the paper to me to go and purchase a pair of shoes for her of that size. He amazes one with his knowledge of the prices of articles; and it is not easy to 'cheat' him as he holds his endless 'auction' of things presented to him, in the recognised manner of the professional auctioneer with the oft trepeated one two; one, two; going: gone!

When he makes a promise to do a thing, he does it; his memory seems to be unfailing; for he never appears to forget what he has undertaken to do.

But I fear he very often expects too much from human nature: and does not make as much allowance as others would like for their own human weaknesses. He expects from all who follow him, too high a standard of austerity, with the result that most of his colleagues, though intensely devoted to him, are unable to share his daily life; and such men and women who share it, are not above the petty jealousies that have always surrounded devotional sects in the East and West alike, where unhealthy rivalry in unconciously expressed self-righteousness, with the desire to win the master's favour, sometimes leads to tragic consequences, and more often than not appears to be a farce and mockery.

Mahatmaji's greatness lies undoubtedly in the splendour of his personality; but it lies even more so in his great qualities of leadership.

He is above everything a leader; and his leadership is verily of the noblest and the best. What after all is leadership? It lies in doing something new and

in a manner not done before. A leader strikes out new paths and new ways unknown before, for ' he can hear though from the wild; he can save amid despair. '

The qualities of a leader are, to put it in sober prose, firstly, a clear conception of what has to be done; secondly, of how it can be done; and thirdly—and this is the most important—a capacity to attract the men who would help in doing it. Many persons have clear conceptions of what is to be done; they also have clear ideas of how the work can be done but they do not know the art of collecting others around them-selves who would help in the good work. No one is so big as to be able to do everything himself; and so the mightiest need the assistance of fellw-being, to accomplish what they desire. Therefore, a leader has an unerring eye to spot men and women, as he goes about his business, who would be able to help in getting his work done; and then the leader must also have the capacity to make these men and women adhere to him through thick and thin; to be bound to him by the strongest of bonds; deep and unshakable personal love and devotion. Each individual who does the master's task must have the assurance that the master's eye is ever upon him and that the master would be pleased with what he was doing.

In every field of human endeavour—in war and administration; in science and industry; in education and politics; or in humble spheres of daily life—he alone can be a leader who has the capacity to collect his men, to keep them bound to himself, and to make them do his work out of sheer love of him. Mahatma Gandhi fulfils these qualities to perfection. He moves with the steps of a giant across his country's stage.

His activities are in diverse directions, he gives the lead in many things. Politics, Khadi, village life and industries, communal unity, untouchability, religion,

national language, workmen's wages, marriage, morals, food, clothes, medicine sex-life, personal difficulties, agriculture, industry, Indian States, Indians abroad, international relations, war, finance, —the list is too long to be completed—all receive his attention for he is called upon to deal with all of them—and all at once too-sometimes.

In all the facets of life's work which he ennobles with his touch, he has his true, trusted, trustworthy and capable men and women with whom he keeps close personal touch, whose personal joys and sorrows he makes his own; and who feel carefree for they are in safe hands. The burden that he carries is immense : how he can laugh and cut jokes with all this ever on his shoulders is a mystery insoluble.

He is one of the most efficient men one can think of. His files are always complete and available at a moment's notice ; even if they all appear to an outsider to be merely bundles of ill-arranged papers, tied in a coarse piece of cloth by a knot, which he calls his office, his 'daftar,' and for which he is constantly asking as he moves about. I cannot forget the ease with which he brought out his file on "Jodhpur" in June, 1942 ; explained to me the problems of the State ; gave me an idea of the personalities concerned; and then with perfect non-chalance asked me to proceed immediately to that distant place, without giving me much of a chance to say 'yes', or 'no'; supervised the sending of my luggage from Sevagram to Wardha himself ; and plunged in some other file and other work and other problems with other sets of workers, unconcerned at—almost oblivious of—the tense situation of the time when big events were in the offing and wholesale arrests were pending and the fateful Bombay meeting had been notified.

Any person with costly leather attache cases, stationery boxes and endless files in red tape, could

not keep his papers so carefully as he does. He has a memory for faces and names ; he has a memory for dates and incidents ; and everyone who does his work knows that Bapu loves him as his own son or daughter, and that he or she has nothing to fear from the buffets of fortune when engaged in Bapu's work.

The humble volunteer in a distant village receiving the unmerited blows of the passing policeman as he holds his flag aloft, knows that he is doing Bapu's work ; and also feels that Bapu knows him. and his work, and loves and appreciates him for it and somehow or other the master will see to it that the wrong done to him is righted in its own good time. The humble woman who works at the spinning wheel in her unknown cottage home, the worker who makes the pulp turn into writing paper in the vat in a quiet corner ; the 'khadi' worker at the shop in a side street ; the political prisoner in a solitary cell, the peripatetic propagandist running from place to place delivering lectures to the multitudes, the lieutenant carrying his message to distant places or engaging in delicate negotiations with those on high ; the learned delving in libraries to find a reference or preparing a thesis, all know that they are engaged in one and only one work ; and that is the fulfilment of Bapu's wish : the attainment of Bapu's goal ; the accomplishment of Bapu's command.

Everyone knows that Gandhiji does not live for himself but lives for others. He is a simple, straight and honest individual, whatever people may say or think of him. Many a man in positions of irresponnsible power —the Willingdons and Tottenhams—has tried to use unbecoming language in referring to Gandhiji : but Gandhiji has never deviated from the straight path of courtesy and rectitude ; has always given credit for good intentions to his worst and most unfair opponents ; and has never used any harsh words against anyone or aspersed the motives of or in-

sinuated anything unworthy against anybody. Another great characteristic of the leader is that he encourages others to put forth their very best that is in him for the Cause. This quality Gandhiji possesses in a pre-eminent degree.

As a man and as a leader, he himself does what he asks others to do. He experiments upon himself before asking others to follow the experiment; and to the utter simplicity of his personal life, he adds the capacity for intense application and great concentration of mind almost impossible to beat.

He can go on for a five minutes' sound sleep in the midst of surging and shouting crowds; he can equally easily do a serious bit of writing in the selfsame impossible circumstances.

His 'devastating simplicity', as his devoted Secretary Mahadev Desai used to describe the phenomenon—his few straight words, full of decorum and courtesy, however terrible the implications, frankly spoken, without any mental reservation whatsoever—bewilders his opponents; and his high standards of conduct baffle and embarrass his friends and followers. But 'he' is 'he'. His actual day to day life can teach us many things.

With all his efficiency he is terribly economical. Backs of used pieces of paper are good enough for his greatest world-shaking messages. He abhors waste of any sort or kind.

At the same time he is a very neat and tidy person. His chin is always properly shaved; his nails are always carefully manicured; his clothes are few and simple but are severely and scrupulously clean. His diet is indeed very simple but is very carefully prepared and served. He eats very slowly and deliberately; and when everyone in the company at his 'Ashrama' has eaten and gone, he still goes on

masticating and sipping what little he has to eat and drink, devotedly attended upon by 'Ba', in the old days, who is now no more there to serve him! He likes to take good care of his health and does not like to be hustled anywhere or for anything. How he had lived—and lived such a strenuous life too in comparative health—for seventy-five years on that sort of diet is a marvel. Alas for his followers, he regards himself as an expert in matters of food and health; and wishes them also to follow his injunctions. He often successfully induces his ailing friends to live with him at the Ashrama and take his cure. He takes peculiar delight in tending and nursing the sick.

He verily is the rare "blossom on our human tree which opens once in many myriad years"; and the pity of it all is that we in the India of to-day, are wholly unworthy of him.

Smaller nations with leaders who are very much less great than he, have done wonders in varied fields of human activity; we, however, seem to be where we ever were, unmoved and immovable. May we be still worthy of him; and may he long be spared to us to lead our faltering steps aright and to take us to the cherished goal of our mental, moral. social, political, economical and spiritual emancipation for which he has staked his all. Rightly did Shri Krishna say unto Arjun: 'Whatever is glorious, good, beautiful, and mighty, understand thou that it goes forth from a fragment of my splendour.'

A STUDY OF MR. GANDHI

BY

WILLIAM PATON

I have conceived for the man Gandhi himself and his great-heat burning with love and infinite love and veneration. —*Romain Rolland.*

Whatever historians may make of Mr, Gandhi--and they will certainly have to make something of him, for he ranks with Sun Yat-sen as a maker of the New Asia—it can hardly be denied that he has been at every point a challenge to the age in which he is famous. He is a champion of the spining-wheel in an age of machines ; when world order and safety lead men increasingly to look to the larger grouping of peoples he stands for independence *pur sang* ; he, on the whole , has prevented the Indian nationalist movement from adopting violent methods when violence was all the fashion ; he has always executed a diplomacy of his own. in which the most obstinate tenacity was joined to an engaging friendliness, expressing itself in the writing of long and self-analysing letters.

Many of those who discuss Mr. Gandhi, whether as friends or foes, make the mistake of over-simplifying him. He cannot be subsumed under any one category ; he is not just George Fox, or George Washington, or St. Francis of Assisi, nor is he adequately described as a disloyal agitator. People who know him much better than I have had the privilege of doing, might add other items to the list, but I should venture to suggest, as main ingredients in the mixture, personal goodness, keen nationalism, a deeply Hindu understanding of men and the world, dietetic faddiness, a passion for social reform, and an extremely astuta

political sense, all combined with a fundamental distaste for the routine business of carrying on government from day to day.

It is perhaps this inability of his to fit into any accepted categories that has caused a good many British people who do not know him well to underrate his power, which has been much great for a long time than that of anybody else in India. I have been told at intervals ever since about 1922 by persons of standing that "Gandhi was a spent force." The truth has always been that no Indian public man has had anything like his influence ; C.R. Das had more in Bengal,, the Marhatta Brahmins had reservations about him, the younger intelligentsia perhaps find in Jawaharlal Nehru a more congenial idol (though Nehru never wavered in his loyalty and affection for Gandhi), but with the mass of the people it is Gandhi first and the last. I got something of the feel of this on my first visit to him, just after his operation and release from prison in 1922 ; the interview, I was dismayed to find, was to be carried on in the presence of a mass of persons seated all round us on the ground, but it did not matter, for all they wanted was to be able to sit and look at the Mahatma. You could see the same thing when his train stopped at a station. With all his subtlety and political finesse, he knew how to appeal to the ordinary villager as no other man in political India did.

Of his personal goodness (I prefer to use that term rather than the overworked "saint") no one could have any doubt. even when his political actions were somewhat dubious. I think of two evidences of it. One was that, at least in my small experience of him, both women and children found him always simple, approachable and charming. The other was the quality of the young men immediately around him. They might have some odd political notions, but when contrasted with the usual run of politicians in India

(or indeed in many other countries) they are remarkable for a certain moral keenness and austerity. One could not but feel that a moral force of considerable quality had shaped them. In writing this I do not forget that Mr. Gandhi can be absolutely ruthless when roused, as when he smashed Subhas Chandra Bose a few years ago, although Bose had been elected President of the Indian National Congress.

His social ideas are partly conservative and partly revolutionary. On the one hand, he abhors the machine age and all its works and tries himself to live, so far as a man of such importance can live, with the utmost simplicity. On the other hand, it is imposible not to feel the reality of his challenge to the whole idea of untouchability. Dr. Ambedkar may well be right in his feeling that orthodox Hinduism is irrevocably committed to untouchability, and that consequently nothing is to be hoped by the depressed classes from Hinduism. That ought not to weaken our appreciation of the passion which Mr. Gandhi puts into his fight against the evil. He said to me in one talk I had with him on the subject, "If I were convinced that untouchability was a necessary part of Hinduism, I would cease to be a Hindu tomorrow." And I doubt if anyone will really question the view that it is the work of Mr. Gandhi which, allied no doubt to certain deep tendencies of our time, has put the removal of untouchability high upon the list of Indian priorities.

His nationalism and his religion I felt to be very closely allied. No one should speak of Mr. Gandhi's religion who does not know him better than I had the chance to do ; in such talks as I had with him on that subject he left me with the feeling that he was a profoundly reverent agnostic ; that is to say, one with an intensely religious nature who yet had little content of certainty in his religious life. He seemed to find the

substance of Indian life in Hinduism, and he gave one something of the impression, which was much stronger in men like Mr. Birla, of regarding the old Hindu tradition as the genuine, authentic India. This comes out very strongly indeed in his almost violent apathy to what he regards as the proselytism of the missionaries. He has many friends among them, but he moved farther and farther away from the Christian position. He would carry the idea of "swadeshi" to the length, so it seemed, of almost denying that in religion truth could mean anything other than fidelity to that in which one was born. (And yet, at the end of a long talk, he said to me, "Of course, if conversion is of the heart, no one can possibly object.") Christianity he understands by no means well; the narrow theological views of some missionaries in Africa who greatly attracted him by their personal lives seem to have obsessed him permanently, and when he would equate Christ, Mohammad and Krishna, it is difficult not to feel that nationalism was colouring judgment.

His doctrine of non-violence is undoubtedly the element in his work and teaching which will be associated with him always. That he is passionately absorbed in the practice and principles of it no one can doubt. It is not for him a negative thing, nor is it, as some have said, the chosen weapon of the weak. He conceives of it as positive and aggressive, a combination of sincerity and love. British opinion has never done justice to the astonishing degree to which Indian nationalist agitation, even when the deepest feelings were aroused, has been non-violent. That is due, in the main, to Mr. Gandhi.

But it is a doctrine which almost completely prevents Mr. Gandhi from comprehending the task of government or helping his beloved India to a concrete achievement of freedom. This strain in his complex personality was most plainly shown in the negotiations which ended in the rejection of the propsals taken to

India by Sir Stafford Cripps. What was needed then was a realistic grappling with the actual problems of Indian freedom, both those of transition from the *status quo* to a freedom quite explicitly pledged, and those of reconciling the conflicting communal claims especially those of the Moslems, who saw themselves coming under Hindu rule for the first time for nearly a thousand years. Instead, rejection was follwoed by the "quit India" resolution, the talk about leaving India "to chaos or to God," and then the threat of civil disobedience and "open rebellion." Mr. Gandhi might have been of incalculable value to an Indian Government as the voice of conscience and the embodiment of an austere morality, rebuking venality and incompetence. He would have had to leave the responsibility of action to others, for no government can operate on the lines of "non-violence."

Yet, even in spite of these last months, Mr. Gandhi is the greatest Indian of his time and one of the greatest of all the sons of Asia. I can most simply (and I hope without any offence) what I feel him to have done by saying that it is he more than any other who has restored to India and to Indians their self-respect. In him they feel that they have a representative ofwhom the whole world is aware and whom the world respects, whatever it is able to make of him. All India (including many Muslims) rejoices and is proud of that. [*Spectator*]

THE GENTLE DICTATOR

BY

RICHARD FREUND

"It is Gandhi more than any other who has restored to India and the Indians their self-respect."
—*William Paton.*

In every argument on every Indian problem there comes a point when both sides have to insert a condition—"if Gandhi lives". In England we have too easily assumed that the Mahatma, when he turned to village uplift and the liberation of the Untouchables, lost much of his former political influence. Even in India some of those in high authority, living in the rarefied air of British officialism, sometimes affect to disregard the old man of Wardha, But whenever they take that line they slip up badly. At sixty-nine, fragile and ailing, Mr. Gandhi is still in absolute, unchallenged control of National Congress, which to-day means the government in seven of the Indian provinces.

From his little hut in a poor village near Wardha, in Central India, he issues decrees which are implicitly, though not always willingly obeyed by every Congressman. The Ministers in the Congress provinces, who at one time were so afraid that their Governors would order them about, are now much more alarmed at being pushed ahead by the gentle dictator in Wardha. They may be distraught with anxiety over schemes that will unbalance their budgets; but no one would dare dispute the call. If there is any trouble, the Mahatma threatens to fast—and there is no further trouble. Even Jawahar Lal Nehru, who will stand up to Mr. Gandhi on

most questions, always gives in at the end. Nehru opposed the acceptance of office in the provinces; Gandhi spoke and it was done. Nehru is trying his best to commit the Congress to the rejection of the Federation before Mr. Gandhi has made up his mind; but few doubt that, if Gandhi accepts Jawaharlal will follow suit.

It was Gandhi who built up the powerful machinery of Congress against heavy odds; it is Gandhi who holds it together. He restrains the Socialists who are pressing for a Left Turn in the Congress programme; he restrains the "realists" who are longing to push Nehru and his Socialists out of the Congress. Without him the huge, composite movement, united only in a common idea of national freedom, would split within a few months. The explanation of his unique position lies in his power over consciences. He is the father-confessor of thousands; millions in the villages worship him as a saint. And though his articles of faith are religious tenets only for a small number of his disciples; though youth is straining at his command to observe non-violence: and not many believe that this pet schemes will really bring political progress, his will, is supreme. Everywhere people are distressed at the thought that the Congress Ministries, just when they have got their first chance of introducing long-needed social and economic reforms, should be squandering their revenues on an impracticable scheme of prohibition. The Congress Ministries themselves. who will lose a fourth of their provincial revenues if the country goes dry, are profoundly disturbed. But the fact remains thar the Mahatma has had an "irresistible call" to stop the drink evil. It is wrong that governments should receive money from a tainted source. So complete prohibition must be enforced within three years, whatever the wreckage in public finances. And the Ministers are obeying

like lambs, making at least a show of doing their best. In Madras they have actually introduced prohibition in one district by way of experiment. The "drinkers" sadly buried a bottle in mock funeral, and the Premier smashed another bottle, marked "drink evil," with an iron rod. Great activity is reported among illicit dirtricts, and the jungle tribes, who are outside control, are said to thrive on selling fierce spirit to the villages. Still. one cannot disappoint Gandhiji.

He has really done wonders for the Untouchables. It is true that only a small proportion of the sixty millions have so far benefited from his campaign, but he has certainly roused the public conscience. The Maharaja of Travancore has taken the historic step of opening all State temples to the Harijans and some provincial governments have issued orders against interfernce with their use of village wells. Schemes for their education are under way in many districts. If only it were not so hard to find out how far any such reform is actually enforced! However, the Untouchables are now indisputably on the march, and many of them have a vote to cast. If all goes well, they will shake the social structure of Hinduism to its foundations; and there are few things which require a shaking more urgently.

It it even harder to discover what real success Gandhi's campaign for village reconstruction has achieved, His organisation issues impressive statistics showing that spinning and other cottage industries have been introduced in so many areas. The workers are inspired with enthusiasm, and in some villages they have undoubtedly done well. It would be less than fair to overlook the fact that—roused perhaps by Mr. Gandhi's appeal—British authorities are now doing their full share in the work for the rehabilitation of the villages. The present Viceroy,

Lord Linlithgow, is focussing attention on agriculture, which is the subject he understands best and cares most about. But when one gets down to brass tacks, it appears that the villagers do what they are told for the sake of the Mahatma, or the commissioner, or some other Sahib whose advice it is not wholesome to disregard, Will it last?

Mr. Gandhi himself seems to feel that a fresh effort is needed. Impressed with what he has heared of labour service in Italy and elsewhere, he is advocating legislation to compel youths to spend one year as helpers in a nation-wide scheme of rural education. Meanwhile he wants primary education placed on a different basis. The present system, he says, is urbanising the young-men. Let the teaching be through manual training, for a period of seven years, free and compulsory. Let the children learn all the processes of textiles. farming, carpentry, paper-making, and so on. Gradually education would pay for itself through the productive labour of the pupils; and it would restore rural handicrafts which have been lost through the invasion of machines. "Where there are three hundred million living machines, it is idle to think of bringing in new dead machinery." So the Mahatma has had all the Congress Education Ministers in conference at Wardha, and they have gone forth to start a drive for rural education. It sounds a formidable proposition, but Mr. Gandhi has tackled worse, and won. And he is still, next to the British Army, the greatest force in India.

WHEN GANDHIJI TRAVELS

BY

ROBERT STIMSON

> Gandhi is unique in political history. He has invented an entirely new and humane technique for the liberation struggle of an oppressed people and carried it out with the greatest energy and devotion ..... We are fortunate and should be grateful that fate has bestowed upon us so luminous a contemporary—a beacon to the generations to come. —*Albert Einstein.*

When Gandhi goes on his travels the result usually is world-wide repurcussions. So it was when he made his journey to Bombay, writes Robert Stimson in 'Picture Post' London giving his impression of the Bombay meeting of the All India Congress Committee last year,

The Bombay meeting he says was a significant turning point for Britain as well as India. A month earlier Gandhi disagreeing with the Congress Working Committee had stepped down from the driving seat of the party. The Working Committee or Inner Cabinet under pressure from the less patient Jawaharlal Nehru (the Harrow and Cambridge Brahmin who leads the Congress left-wing) had decided that an army to resist possible external aggressors and a conventional police force to preserve internal order, was indispensable.

Shortly before, the same Working Committee at Wardha near Sevagram, Gandhi's village home, had rejected the latest and most conciliatory offer of the Viceroy in which he had promised on behalf

of the British Government that India should attain Dommion Status 'as soon as possible, after the war; that elements representative of all shades of Indian opinion and interests should frame a new constitution for the country in consultation with Britain and that as an earnest of Britain's good-will representatives of the various political parties in India should have seats on the Viceroy's Executive Council.

This offer was rejected because it fell short of the independence demand. Congress professed to see in it the unsavoury Imperial game of divide and rule, pointed a scornful finger as the Viceroy's undertaking that no minority should be forced to accept a constitution that it felt to be unjust. This means, said Congress, that the Muslim League (the second most important political party in India) which is even now demanding an independent separate Muslim State, will be able with British backing to block progress and turn a partitioned India into another Ireland.

But there is another side to the question. The Muslims, more than one-fourth of the population of India are the largest minority in the world. Some of them, it is true support the predominantly Hindu Congress party, accepting it as a genuinely national, non-sectarian organisation. This year, the Congress President himself, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, an Islamic scholar of world renown, is a Muslim. Other Muslims, however, suspect Congress of wanting to wrest power from Britain in order to establish a Hindu tyranny which will hold the Muslims in permanent subjection—economic, cultural and religious. Those Muslims who share these suspicions range themslves behind the President of the Muslim League, Mahommed Ali Jinnah, a wealthy Bombay lawyer, who, in complete contrast to Gandhi, lives, like an up-to-date Moghul Emperor with monocle, dapper English suits, and silk-smooth cars.

Against this stormy background of antagonism and tension, the political set-up in India looked dangerous before the Bombay meeting. The Muslim League and Congress were, figuratively speaking, at daggers-drawn and might soon be literally. The Viceroy was waging an up-hill fight to prevent disaster. And Gandhi, the one man who could apply the brake, was like Achilles, if not sulking, at least sitting idle in his tent. But as soon as the Bombay meeting put him in control again, the feverish political temperature dropped to something more nearly normal.

After the vital meeting, I found Gandhi—a man who lives on a few shillings a week—in a millionaire's mansion, the guest of Rameshwar Das Birla, a leading industrialist with nationalist sympathies. Gandhi was squatting on a white palliasse, naked but for a strip of home-spun cotton round his middle, with his slim, brown feet tucked beneath him.

'I can give you twenty minutes,' Gandhi said to me, 'this is a busy day.' It was. In an adjoining room leaders of the Indian National Congress party fretted impatiently, for 'Mahatmaji'—as they call him—to give them instructions. For a quarter of an hour Gandhiji had been persuasively explaining to an American cotton expert why India's spiritual salvation requires all Congressmen in seeming defiance of every law of industrial progress to spin cotton for an hour a day. In the drawing-room four English Quakers from Hungary were waiting to ask Gandhi the difference between 'pacifism' and 'non-violence'. And in the drive outside a knot of devotees were already gathering to join him in his simple evening prayers from which no one Hindu, Muslim or Christian is turned away.

Two secretaries superbly efficient took down every word that was said. A bare-foot disciple in a white sari—one of the several women—as a mother to a cherished child fussed with the curtains to keep the sun from his eyes.

At the moment Gandhi said the British are inclined to think that Congrcss lacks heart or a sense of realism because it will not help them in their war against Germany. ' But the action of Congress must ultimately help Britain and the world because amidst the all-round conflagration there is one powerful body pinning its faith to the utmost non-violence. If Congress succeeds the groaning world can sigh with relief to find a way out of the present monstrous armament maze.'

'And what of India if Germany wins ? I asked. But it is hard to lay a trap for Gandhi.

'I am not dismayed at the prospect,' he said, 'if my country remains true to the cult of non-violence. But that doesn't mean I should be at all pleasant at the prospect of a Nazi victory. What terrifies me that as things are going at present the defeat of Nazsm must be bought at a terrific price—superior Naziism breeds force, call it what you will.' It was the familiar argument one must not smash an enemy but woo him from evil by touching his heart.

A few in India fear Gandhiji : the most feudal of the autocratic princes for example who are alarmed lest their subjects catch the infection of revolutionary ideas. Some mock at him as a muddled visionary drunk with words and fogged by dreams. Many venerate him as one who has the genius and faith to convert India to complete non-violence. All admire him for

his frugality and kindness and for the new self-respect he has given the Untouchable and the near-starving villager. And as for the Brifish in India even the most die hard and the most jingo heaved a sigh of relief when Gandhi again became the Congress 'Boss.' They know that, of all India's nationalists, he is the most kindly disposed towards Britain. ' I am Britain's best policeman in India" he once said.

To Englishmen at home, who know how the Nazis wage war, Gandhi's utterances about non-violence must be maddening. And indeed it is impossible to believe that when he dies his creed will effectively survive him. Nehru, who will take his place, is not intellectually convinced that non-violence, in the Gandhian sense, is a practical policy. He has since gone back on his demand that an independent India should be able to defend herself with arms, but he has not been converted, Like every other Congressman, he allows his judgment to be overwhelmed by Gandhi's magic personality. But when Gandhi dies.

The point that Englishmen should grasp about Gandhi in his sincerity and his contempt for public opinion, if they think him crazy, cannot be helped. He must speak what he believes to be the truth. And as long as Gandhi is alive, and as long as his non-violent influence is the most potent factor in India, there is little danger of a Hindu-Muslim civil war, just as there is also little hope of Congsess fully co-operating with Britain against Germany.

The devotion of India's people to Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi is best judged from the scene of devotion when he travels.

GANDHI

BY

R. D. TIWARI

In a way, and to a degree, quite unprecedented, the strength and character of the (Indian) national movement have been embodied in the person of Mr. Gandhi, whose devotion to ideals, and readiness to impose upon himself any sacrifice that he deemed necessary, have secured for him a unique position in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.
—*Viscount Halifax.*

Since the dawn of political consciousness in this country no single person has held absolute sway over the hearts of millions of his countrymen such as Gandhi. Since the year 1885 when the Indian National Congress held its first tiny little session in Bombay, attended by a few elders of liberal persuasion, there have been provincial leaders commanding faith and allegiance among a limited number of intellectuals within their provincial sphere of influence and the decisions of the National Congress were formulated and finally made by a joint deliberation of them all. These decisions were but prayerful presentations of the Indian cause before the white Moguls of the British Parliament and had as such only an amusing effect on their patronizingly imperialistic minds. About a decade after a notable personality emerged out of these polite politicians of sweet reasonableness in the sturdy and self-reliant personality of Lokmanya Bal Gangadhar Tilak whose musings and movements, far from being a source of amusement, caused a definite sense of annoyance among the British Statesmen and their political adherents. This Marhatta Brahmin of intrepid sincerity was a consummate cholar to the core of his being and a selfless soldier to

the tip of his fingers. Having a practicable vision of Swaraj, he scorned miner tinkerings of constitutional reforms. He had, unlike Gandhi, little faith in the benevolence of the British rulers and was ever suspicious of their motives and movements. His political insight was keen and penetrating. It was impossible to bamboozle and befool him even for the best brains among the British diplomats. Naturally, therefore this war-like scholar of soldierly desperation was the first Indian Leader to demonstrate in his career the indispensable need of suffering and self-sacrifice at the altar of national liberty. He was sent more than once behind the prison bars and came out every time with fresh vigour and cleaner outlook. Outside the prison walls he fought with the forces of evil with the dash of a desperate soldier and inside them he thought and wrote with the contemplative insight of a critical scholar. He presented in his mental composition a wonderful and hitherto unsurpassed synthesis of a Brahmin and a Kshatriya. As a Brahmin he considered and concluded "Swaraj is my birth right" and as a Kshatriya, he fearlessly declared, 'I will have it.' Because of these rare qualities of the head and the heart Lokmanya Tilak was easily the first Indian patriot who became the idol of intelligent India and the dynamic galvaniser of her dormant masses. His was the first name that reverberated through rural India and ignorant villagefolks began to ask in wonderment. "Who is Tilak Maharaj"? The story of his sufferings was told by more enlightened people of the urban areas and the tillers of the soil in remote parts of this vast country shed sympathetic tears of sorrow. That marked and indicated unmistakably the day dawn of national consciousness among the Indian masses. For why should the heart of a Bengali ryot flutter in sympathy with the incarceration of a Marhatta Brahman? Surely there was a bondage underlying unity of cultural kinship and a community of national outlook and aspirations. The

Lokmanya was thus the first man of the masses who spoke to the people at large of India not in their different languages but in the single language of action. Besides, he commanded the confidence of his intelligent adherents by his shrewd sense of logicality. Mysticism had little part to play in his politics and he made no fetish of this or that creed. His was not a credal mind. He had a scientific conception of non-violence grounded on the well-reasoned tenets of the Gita-Dharma-Shastra. He held that ethics has a prominent part to play in politics, but in his public utterances and movements he thought it useless to dabble in high spirituality. He believed in proper, ethical dozes. He was only a step ahead of his followers and never admonished his people from the hill-top. Left to himself he was spiritually as great as the ideal man of Lord Krishna, the Karmayogi, the selfless actor on the stage of life. For who else could leave a dying son to keep up a public engagement ? He had an implicit faith in providential dispensations of things. For who else could proclaim with such intrepid candour the spirit which the following lines reveal—

"There are high powers that rule the destiny of men and things and it may be that the cause, I represent will prosper more by my suffering than by my remaining free."

Such a man was the late Lokmanya Tilak. Naturally therefore when this gifted leader of dynamic personality was lifted up from this plane of existence by the designing hands of Destiny, people asked in wonderments 'who will succeed him in leadership' ?

The question was answered in an humble affirmative by a man from Gujrat who had just returned from South Africa where he had gone in the professional capacity of a Barrister but remained to serve and guide his fellow Indians suffering under the injustice of the

White Settlers. He emerged out of that unequal contest as Karmvir Gandhi. Having returned to his native land only a few years ago he had been feeling his way through the national politics of the accredited leaders of India. Though essentially a man of moral outlook and patriotic purpose he carried in his mental composition an inflated sense of loyalty to the British Empire. At its altar he had sacrificed even his pet principles of life more than once in his public career and to that extent bedimmed its brilliance scintillating with services and sufferings. This was Karmavir Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, now the (highsouled) Mahatma—The great Indian leader of international reputation.

This man was destined to give a new turn to the current of Indian politics. He stepped into the arena of the national struggle at the time when constitutional means had been tried and found wanting. So when the Mont-Ford reforms were inaugurated in this country, he took full advantage of the general weakening of the faith in constitutional means and sowed broadcast his own doctrine of non-violent non-co-operation. With some effect he had tried his experiments on a small scale in South Africa and finally left the shores of that continent with a resolve to strike non-violently at the root of the Indian slavery. Indians in bondage at home could command no respect abroad. It was the urge of this simple logic that brought back Gandhi to his native land. Here he came, he saw and he conquered.

With the death of Lokmanya Tilak the first important chapter of general awakening had been closed in the national history of India, Gandhi had approached the dying great and taken his blessings for the new move. With those blessings he rose to the full moral stature of his being and swept across the country with the message of non-violent non-co-operation. For a time he was here, there and every-

where. He held out a new hope before the people and a new line of action. He caught the imagination of the masses almost in the twinkling of an eye and became their trusted servant and saviour. Intellectuals had their own difficulties in appraising properly his new programme of action. A good many of them attended the Congress session with a view to scoff, but they had to remain eventually to pray. Gandhi's stars were in the ascendant and no opposition was too strong for him to meet. His persuasive logic, humble assertions and tremendous self confidence allayed the suspicions of the doubting Thomases till at last he was left free to control and guide the national politics of India in a manner all his own.

During the twenty years past since then he has served his country well. He is even now plodding his way and doing the necessary spade work of our national liberation. During the period of his leadership he has had his nights of darkness and gloom, but the doctrine of duty with detached mind has saved and sustained him through all tairls and tribulations. Some of his well-meaning efforts have gone to naught. Some others will perhaps go the same way. Gandhiji is however, destined to go down in human history as a man who struck a true note in life. He will live more in a spirit than when he is in flesh. Specially after the present world war and its consequent turmoils his appeals will go home to many. But the world will move on in its own sluggish manner. No spiritual scientist or Mahatma has yet invented an easy moral lift for humanity.

Gandhi is today a lonely figure in the midst of an admiring crowd. He is anxious for general appreciation of his message. but the world of strife is, in its mad pursuit for power and position, too busy to listen to him. His appeals aggressive

nations have more than once gone in vain. But he is never tired of repeating them; for he seems to think that truth does not suffer by repetitions. It is ever fresh and never grows stale. It is this conviction that sustains Gandhi in his abortive counsel of perfection. It is this remarkable faith in non-violence that emboldens him to appeal to the Britishers to lay down their arms before the aggressive Germans and, what is more, also renders him for his evidently mad suggestions. At present even the provindence seems to have conspired with Hitler to encompass the discomfiture of Gandhi in every important respect. The German Dictator, an out and out believer in violence, has built up by force a huge Empire for his people and he is dictating his terms to the world of today. But a great servant of humanity who pins his faith in peace and non-violence has failed so far in a non-violent manner even to achieve the elementary right of freedom of speech! What an irony of fate! Ay. even for a Mahatma. Is it not?

Thus the very Providence seems to mock at the Mahatma and his utopian ways of life. Under the present conditions values of life have undergone a change beyond recognition and Hitler seems to be a better instrument in the hands of God than Gandhi. If it be a fact, argues an intelligent man of today, that the Almighty fulfils himself in many ways and that he cancels even good customs from the human society lest they should corrupt mankind by long persistence—if this be a fact, why reject Hitler as a weapon in the hands of the Divine? Thus the spectacular success of the great German dictator has—shadowed the moral brilliance of the Gandhian way. For, the matter of fact minded people of the modern times have a keener sense of valuation for concrete and immediate results than for vague and remote idealism of the spirit. No wonder under these conditions if Hitler has surreptitiously dis-

lodged Gandhi from many an anxious heart beating with impatient vigour for national and personal liberty.

Gandi is, however, a man who will continue to plough his lonely furrow. He will continue to appeal to the soldiers of violence to lay down their arms and clasp their enemies in fond embrace. He is perhaps as much conscious of the futile nature of his appeals as any of us. But he persists because of his conviction that the failure will not damage the logical and human basis of his philosophy. He stands therefore precisely in the position of Vyas who once declared in a complaining spirit—"With hands upraised I cry aloud, but none listens to me. Dharma is the real and lasting foundation of all wealth and desire. Why not then adopt that path ?"

Indeed, the world has not so far listend to this sage counsel of perfection. It will not do so even for centuries to come. Individuals there will be in every age and clime who will scale the heights of spirituality, but the collective lives of different human groups will be largely governed by warfaring motive inspired by parochical considerations. For looking to rhe present evolution of mankfnd, one can confidently assert that the days of wholesale liberation of the human species are yet far distant. People are not prepared for a highly potentised doze of spirituality such as has been administered by Gandhi all these years of his leadership. The moral health of the patient is too weak to bear the strain of such heroic dozes. They may cause him either indigestion or nausea. Assimilation of such spiritual nostrums as love-for-the enemy' and 'kill-not but-be-killed' is impossible at this stage beyond the least shadow of doubt. On the other hand, it will encourage hypocracy cf the worst type, if indeed, it has already not done so. Gandhi's philosophy is most

liable to this abuse. It is too rigid, to impervious to actual conditions of life. It is more than enough for the present, if he can effectually appeal to the aggressive nations to lay down their arms. Defensive non-violence is beyond moral comprehension of the modern man. To him it is a sonorous note of futility. He can, however, appreciate justice and non-aggression. On the moral grounds alone be can he appealed to with any thing like a fair prospect of success. On high flung grounds of pure spirituality people either react unfavourably or act deceitfully, assimilation being impracticable. Gandhi has all along ignored this fact of human nature. It has been the governing weakness of his leadership.

'AT SEVAGRAM'

BY

SHIVA NATH KATJU

> The name of Gandhi even in his lifetime has passed beyond the meaning of an individual to the meaning of a way of living in our troubled modern world..... Mr. Gandhi's steady persistence in his chosen way has given me, among millions of others, courage to resist, by that greatest of all resistances, unconquerable, unwavering personal determination, the growth of tyranny in the world. —*Mrs. Pearl Buck (New York).*

Mahatma Gandhi is reputed to make heroes out of clay. More; he has put desolate places like Segaon—now Sewagram—on the world map. This rural patch can boast of nothing but the Mahatma himself. *Tapobhumis* (hermitages) of saints in India are usually associated with picturesque spots brimming with the charms of nature—the sounds of murmuring brooks and flowing river well-wooded surroundings and evergreen foliage and not unoften the majestic background of snowy peaks. One misses all these at Sewagram. It lies amid rugged land, The soil is dark brown and hardly looks fertile. There are no trees worth the name, As I drove from Wardha I did not come across a single big shady tree. A narrow road covering a distance of about five miles connects Sewagram with Wardha. There is one luxury—rather an iron of necessity—the teleph one wires which connect this bleaky place with the rest of India. As I reached Sewagram, I wondered why on earth this of all places had been chosen. It may be that it is well in the middle of Hindustan or it may be that it is close to Wardha or perhaps it is preferred for the very simple reason that its

people are the poorest of our villagers although there is hardly much to choose between one villager and another in this country. The same crushing poverty grinds all with little variations.

I landed at the unofficial capital of India. The Mahatma lives in a hut surrounded by a couple of dozens of other huts composed of bamboos matting, bricks and mud plaster. There was, unexpectedly enough, sufficient greenery inside—a number of papaya and banana trees and positively orange trees as well for this part of India is full of oranges. On a wayside station near Nagpur a fellow traveller had purchased a basket-load of nearly two hundred small oranges—quite sweet—for just eight annas. That was cheating the grower I thought, or may be the latter was cheating the consumer. Enough of oranges. I got fairly sick of them during my stay and journey in this part of the land. Some creepers were creeping up some of the huts. That was encouraging.

I sat in the verandah of Shri Mahadeo Desai's hut who announced my arrival. I confess I was nervous. I had seen Gandhiji a number of times, but never had the occasion of talking to him on a subject of some political importance. Invariably these 'big guns' are difficult to manage. Some time in 1933, I had invited myself in London to the presence of Viscount Ishii, the head of the Japanese Delegation to the World Economic Conference. I wanted to get the Japanese point of view on the Indian situation. As I emerged out of the room, I discoverd to my consternation that after a talk lasting well nigh half an hour, held me nothing except expressing the shrewd diplomat had told his concern that if India did not purchase enough textile piece-goods from Japan that would effect the friendly relations that existed between the people of the two countries. That was hamboozling but I should not have expected more from him.

In the midst of these thoughts I received summons to present myself before Gandhiji. Haltingly, somewhat embarrassed and confused I entered the part of the hut which was his 'office.' He was sitting on the ground in a half-reclining position and attending to his correspondence. Mahadeo Desai with pen and writing pad in hand squatted in front of him and so was Rajkumari Amrit Kaur on his left. I was overawed but held myself as best as I could. Gandhiji after putting one or two questions of a personal nature, immediately came to the subject which had brought me to him. I partly said what I wanted to say; the argumentative part I just could not. Business was over in about five or seven minutes. He turned to other things. I took a good look round. It was a cosy little office—perhaps ten feet by eight—the usual mudplastered walls, but there was a mural painting done in Shantiniketan style. I could not quite catch the subject. The Mahatma sat by a small window overlooking an equally small verandah. Over his head and in front of him were engraved in the mud-plastered walls the signs of the *Pranava* supported by *tal* trees on either side. In front of me on the wall was a calender with the picture of the young Maharaja of Mysore. That is some compliment to Princely India! I wonder if the Maharaja of Mysore knows it. Again, he turned towards me and put some more questions of personal nature and made anxious enquiries about my parents. These small touches—what a world of difference do they make? Then I happened to look at the motto hung on the wall—'*Be quick, Be brief, Be gone.*' I hastily asked for permission to go and retired.

Returning to Shri Mahadev Desai's cottage I caught hold of a volume of Max Muller's Lectures delivered at Cambridge. I well nigh finished it—by a process of rapid reading so familiar to the lawyers

—in about an hour and a half. Shri Mahadev Desai came at about quarter to five. I learnt from him that Gandhiji had decided to act in the way I desired he should. May be he had guessed what was passing in my mind although I had only contended myself by stating my point in the barest possible way. So my mission was not such a dismal failure as I feared it might be. Shortly afterwards, Shri Sunderlalji came along and enquired on behalf of Gandhiji whether I would like to dine with him at five at the Ashram or would prefer to do so later at Wardha. The invitation was too tempting even though it was tea time. Soon I heard the gong go and proceeded towards the varandah of another hut where dinner was served.

Gandhiji made me sit next to Rajkumari Amrit Kaur who was sitting on his right. By my side was also Sardar Sampuran Singh who was being trained in the technique of non-violence. I had met him before in the Punjab. The gallant Sardar certainly looked milder since I saw him last. In two rows were sitting the other inmates of the Ashram, boys and men, women and children, all clad in the simplest of robes. The distance separating me from them prevented me from seeing them from a closer range. Faces often are very deceptive, though one likes to gather some impresssions of persons whom one meets, and more so when they happen to belong to Gandhiji's Ashram. I, however, could not form any estimate of them. Perhaps it was due to my close proximity to Gandhiji whom I wanted to observe as much as I could. The food, was served. It was so unlike my Kashmiri food, and would make any one non-violent! It consisted of an omnibus vegetable curry (several varieties boiled together) minus spices, salt and any kind of fat. And there was some kind of fried pulse—fried, of course, in water—'chapatis,' baked brown bread, raw onions and a leafy kind of vegetable in its natural state. Soon came a pad of butter, a cup full of curd, and also the much needed salt. Gandhiji

offered me raw garlics but I politely refused. The food served, an inmate of the Ashram chanted a mantra that went to my heart and then we all started. The food was not so bad after all.

I ate and chatted with Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, a charming lady and a delightful conversationalist. All the time my eyes were on the Mahatma. I wanted to see him as much as I could. His food was somewhat different from mine. I could not quite see what it was. I was more interested in him than in his food. As he passed on a dish towards me I noticed the shaking of his hand. The flesh had grown weak, but the face was vibrating with that 'it' that distinguishes him from the rest. As he ate he talked to those round him but I could not help noticing certain amount of sternness in his demeanour. He was not his usual gay self—perhaps he was reacting to the sorrows and sufferings of his people and those who followed him. Or was it the thought of the grief stricken humanity half the world over that was colouring his mood? Nevertheless he had his eyes all over and sent for water for me just when I thought I could not help asking for it. With some fruits, the dinner was over. Shrimati Kasturi Bai was attending on her husband with a touching devotion. She watched him with affectionate care as he ate, brought water for his wash and put sandals in front of him when he was to get up.

The diners dispersed and I got ready to leave for Wardha. Another couple of minutes with Mahadev Desai and having paid my respects to the Mahatma, I departed—and soon was back at Wardha. I sat up till late that night. It was hot and my mind too was not at rest. I thought again and again of that small cabin that was his office, and of him who sitting there was shaking this vast land of ours and the world beyond, 'with and idea.'

Those four hours under the spell of a man of the ages, were, indeed, worth an age!

GANDHI WITH ENGLAND AT WAR

BY

KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI

He has lived a great life of devoted service to a great ideal, and has demonstrated in his own life and the lives of his many millions of friends and supporters in India and elsewhere the mighty strength of passive, non-violent resistance against every form of evil and wrong-doing. The generation to which he belongs has produced no more consistent, wholehearted defender of the the Right than he has been. —*George Lansbury.*

At three score and ten the apostle of non-violence finds himself in a world torn by international violence. His own country is at war and his frequent "peace appeals" are drowned by the thunder of cannon and the clamour of dictators with whose philosphies he finds himself at odds.

Opposed both to Fascist aggression and to the war method, he is once more in a dilemma. During the World War he managed to compromise with his pacifism sufficiently to help send 1,338, 620 Indians to aid the Allies. Now he has again lent his moral support to the Allies. But before advocating actual participation in the war Nationalist India, he would like to see just what Britain proposes to do. He has asked for a clear statement of her war aims in relation to democracy and imperialism. And he has demanded that she regarded India "as a free and independent nation." "Recognition of India's independence," he says, would serve as the required honest action to implement the declarations of faith in democracy made on the eve of the war and still being repeated from British platforms."

Apart from his occasional statement, the outside world hears very little of Gandhi nowadays. At

present he is not engaging the British Raj in a civil-disobedience struggle, nor is he on a "fast unto death." The work that consumes him is more practical than spectacular.

His present home is in a thatched hut in a hamlet called Segaon, in Central India. Far away from a railway station, this tiny village formerly was typical of rural India in its illiteracy, poverty, dirt and disease Gandhi and his disciples pitched their tents there some three years ago and have made of it a model community. It is a beehive of activity with its night schools and weaving classes, sanitation centre and scientific farming. In fact it is the headquatters of Gandhi's huge programme for rejuvenatjng rural India through the revival of cottage crafts.

Gandhi rises at three o'clock in the morning and attends to his correspondence for an hour. At four he leads his congregation in meditation and prayers. At 4. 30 he takes his morning walks and gives visiting celebrities and foreign corresqondents an audience. His stride is brisk; young men and women have to run in order to keep pace with him.

Upon returning, he breakfasts on dates and curds —the first of the three austere meals he takes during the day. Gandhi is a strict vegetarian, and his food is prepared by Mrs. Gandhi herself if she is not away on a service jaunt of her own. All in all, Gandhi's food costs him around $ 5 a month, and Mrs. Gandhi has to account for every penny of that. His diet is balanced and, contrary to popular belief, keeps him in good form and vigor.

After breakfast begin conferences with different lieutenants on a variety of problems ranging from reorganization of the community kitchen to ways and means of ending British rule in India. An hour before midnight signals the end of the day's work, and he

retires to a cot under the open sky. His curious effhrts at identifying himself wirh the poverty-stricken masses of India prevent him from using a mosquito curtain. Instead, he applies a little kerosene oil to his face to keep the insects away. Like Napoleon, he falls asleep within a second. When he gets up after four hours, he is fresh and vigorous.

From this unpretentious head-quarters Gandhi guides the entire nation. This control over India's destinies is due more to his personality than to his politics. It is the queer combination of a fair fighter and a Messiah that has made Gandhi.

Born in Porbandar, northwest of Bombay, Gandhi comes from the Vaisya caste, or the caste of the husbandmen and traders who are notorious for a pacifism which more often than not verges on downright cowardice. Son of the Prime Minister of the native state, he had everything he could desire. The over religious atmosphere of his home drove him to be an atheist at an early age and he even ate meat once, a sin unpardonable, in order to startle his caste out of its traditional timidity.

A bride was selected for him when he was eight and he married Kasturbai after his thirteenth birthday. At 18 he sailed for London, There, besides studying law at the Inner Temple. he read Plato. Mazzini, Thoreau and Tolstoy, In 1891 he was admitted to the bar and returned to India.

His attempts ar law practice in Bombay were not successful and he was on the verge of despair when he received a call from South Africa to act as legal aid of an Indian firm in Pretoria. His success there was phenomenal ; within a short time he was earning more than $20,0U0 a year.

Outside his law practice he interested himself in the legal disabilities of the Indian minority in South Africa and soon these became his chief con-

cern. For the next ten years he championed his compatriots against the Union Government. The new adventure landed him thrice in Jail and took him, twice to England to plead his people's cause. Finally, in 19 3, the Union Government met him more than half way and when he returned to India in 1914 he was received by the Nationalists as a hero. His ascetic and colourful personality began to attract the rural masses hitherto unmoved by other urban leaders, and within a few years after he joined the Congress party he transformed it into an organization of the people.

Unlike any other leader with a fight on his hands, he is popular even among his enemies. His opponents find him a charming and lovable character. General Smuts, as Minister of Defence, sending him to prison in South Africa more than a quarter of a century ago, "confessed" that the proper procedure would have been the other way round. The general even went to the prison to make peace with tho Indian leader.

"I get," Gandhi remarked with a wizened smile, "the best bargains from behind prison bars."

The invitations Gandhi received from the Viceroy are still another evidence of the regard in which his adversaries hold him. Attired as usual in his homespun loincloth, Gandhi frequently has been observed entering the viceregal lodge in the past few months to confer with His Majesty's highest representative in India.

Added to the respect Gandhi receives from his opponents is the power that comes from the devotion of the masses. His ascetic and self-sacrificing behavior reminds the multitudes of god-like personalities from India's past. His salt marches call up before them the picture of the Buddha walking from village to village to spread his gospel. The villagers

observe with peculiar Indian reverence the fact that he is living the life of a celibate. They, therefore, identify him with the Jeena, the conqueror of all the six senses.

Strange coincidence has played a substantial part in establishing Gandhi as the deity of an abnormally religious people, but he himself has consistently and emphatically denied any divine power,

One morning a group of villagers came to his hut in a procession; they were bearing fruits and flowers and bags of money.

"Our village well," said the spokesman, "was without water for these many years. Your sanctifying footprints touched our soil yesterday, and lo, today the well is full of water. We pray to thee—"

"You are fools!" was Gandhi's caustic interruption. "Beyond a doubt, it was an accident. I have no more influence with God than you have." Then the severe expression in his face gave way to a fatherly smile. He patiently began to explain away the mystery, using homely analogies which could be understood by these illiterate villagers.

Thus Gandhi, whose career owes much to miraculous accidents, refuses to become a god.

MAHATMA GANDHI'S VIEW OF LIFE

BY

SANTOSH KUMAR BRAHMA M.A.

"He (Gandhi) stands out among world leaders as one who vindicates ethical and spiritual forces within humanity as being both available and ultimately triumphant in overcoming social and political evil. He is a challenge to our cynicism and faithlessness. He is a revelation of the soul of India for which we should feel the deepest gratitude everywhere. India does well to give homage not simply in honour of Mahatma Gandhi, but in recognition of those vital rights for which he stands. I join in my thought with all in India and elsewhere, in thankfulness to God for the life so splendidly lived and for the imperishable values which Mahatma Gandhi had given to India and our age."

—MR. SORENSEN M.P. :

There is something in Mahatma Gandhi that has puzzled the politicians, baffled his opponents and confounded his critics. He has been judged by different men diferenly. He has been called a gentle dictator, a philosophical anarchist, a practical mystic, an ascetic, a saint and what not. So it is very difficult to sum the great man up. He is India's Man of Destiny.

Whatever else he may be, Mahatma Gandhi is first and foremost a religious man. 'I hold' wrote Gandhiji, 'that life without religion is life without principle ; that life without principle is like a ship without a rudder.' It was strange that in these days of Marx and Freud religion should be considered by Gandhiji as the sheet-anchor of human life. Religion, wrote the irrepressible pen of Karl Marx, is the opium of the masses. The prophet of socialism saw that religion as it is commonly understood, is a flaming fraud. It is an invention to perpetuate the economic and social inequalities between the classes and the masses. Freud with his relentless

logic has also tried to show that conventional religion is after all an illusion of the uneducated mind. But Gandhiji knows better. As he has himself said : 'Truth is my religion and 'Ahimsa is the only way of the realisation.' In other words, religion is realisation—of Truth. It is neither intellectual speculation nor logical reasoning, nor the agnosticism of Herbert Spencer nor it is. Creative Evolution of Bernard Shaw. Marx and Freud went wrong in thinking that truth can be apprehended only through intellect. But Ghandiji feels the existence of an indefinable mysterious Power that pervades everything. His belief in God is inviolable. 'If I exist, God exists,' says Ghandiji. The existence of God is 'like a geometrical axiom.' It is à question of faith—to use his favourite phrase, a matter of heart-grasp. His view of life is essentially spiritual. Births and deaths are signs of the eternal process of creation and destruction that is going on in this world. Only the soul is immortal. The end of human life is to know God and to seek salvation from the unceasing cycle of births and deaths. Seen in this light marriage is considered a 'fall' even as birth is. To the eternal question why so much evil exists in the world, Gandhiji pleads his inability to offer any rational explanation. All he can say is that faith in God and a vow of non-violence will remove all evils.

The main thing to note about Gandhiji's philosophy of life is his equation of truth and non-violence. There is a positive as well as a negative aspect to his doctrine of non-violence. In its negative from, it means not injuring any living being whether by body or by mind In its positive form 'Ahimsa' means the largest love, the greatest charity. If a person restrains from action out of fear, it will not be non-violence but sheer cowardice. Nothing is so abominable to Gandhiji as cowardice. That is why he has repeated a numer of times that non-violence is meant for the bravest and the best.

Gandhiji's creed of absolute non-violence as a prophylactic against all evils, has evoked strong resentment and bitter criticism. In the first place. truth cannot certainly be wholly identified with non-violence. Secondly, absolute non-violence like absolute morality leads us nowhere. That is why Pandit Jawaharlal with penetrating accuracy has given Gandhiji the appellation of a philosophical anarchist. Absolute non-violence however desirable for the moral uplift of the individual is fatal to the growth of the collective life of the community. Some amount of force is needed for internal cohesion and external defence of the society. But Ghandhiji thinks otherwise. He dreams diviner dreams and sees larger visions. "The world of tomorrow, as I see it will be, must be a society based on non-violence. That is the fitst law for it is out of that law that all other blessings will follow."

It is Gandhiji's firm conviction that art, politics and even economics can of themselves accomplish nothing unless they are bound up with religion. 'All true art' Gandhiji had said somewhere 'must help the soul to realise its inner self. Anything which is a hindrance to the flight if the soul is a delusion and a snare.' Politics divorced from religion, has absolutely no meaning for Gandhiji. This is a tremendous statement and, conceded it will mean a revolution in the political thoughts of the centuries. Men, even students, may go into politics with the message to 'spiritualise the political life and the political institutions of the country.' Great teachers of the world like Budha, Christ and Chaitanya, preached religion for the moral uplift of the individual. Swami Vivekananda directed the motive force of religion for the social regeneration of mankind. But it is Mahatma Gandhi's distinction to introduce religion into the forbidden field of politics. It is he who first of all has tried to show that the whole force of spiritual loveliness can be adopted for the political emancipation of mankind. Force and fraud should

give way to truth and nonviolence. In the world lying beyond the horizon of to-morrow's dawn he sees no poverty, no wars, no revolutions, no blood-shed. Such a society based on nonviolence would come only through a change of human heart. Such a society could also be based on the economic doctrine of equal distribution. Gandhiji admits the truth of the socialistic doctrine from each according to his abilities to each according to his need—but he does not approve their method, He won't disposses the wealthy of their wealth. Thus Gandhiji is no socialist though he has some anti-capitalistic views. The Bolshevist will try all means – violent as well as non-violent to gain their end. But Gandhi will concentrate on the means, which must be non-violent, leaving the end in the hands of God. He believes in the method of persuasion.

At the root of Gandhiji's doctrine of equal distribution must lie the concept of the trusteeship of the wealthy for the superfluous wealth possessed by them Gandhiji's scheme of the trusteeship of the wealth is a charming piece of unreasonableness. It is not merely impracticable but also illegical. It will be nothing short of a delusive dream to think that a complete change in human nature can come about without a change in the society constituted as it is to-day. In the second place, one fails to understand why the wealthy, and not the state should be the trustee of the superfluous wealth of the community. It will remain an eternal riddle how can those who believe in truth and absolute non-violence acquire in a social system based on inequality and injustice. We must ceaselessly remember with Pandit Jawaharlal that 'for large groups and nations a certain measure of external development is essential before the inner evolution can take place (Autobiography p. 379).

Gandhiji's ethical attitude is also much in evidence when he comes to discuss the proper relation between men and women. It is his considered opinion that

woman is the companion of man gifted with equal mental capacities. He has always been a puritan in his attitude towards marriage and morals. He refuses to believe that marriage is a biologibal necessity. Nor does he think that self-restraint always means self-repression. He must be a very bold enquirer into truth and morals who can declare with Gandhiji that there is no natural sex attraction between man and woman. He goes further and declares with all the power that he can command that sexual attraction even between husband and wife is unnatural. Here comes out the difference between the spiritual outlook and the nationalist viewpoint. What is natural for Gandhiji is shocking to Paddit Jawaharlal. It is all very well for Pandit Nehru to condemn Gandhiji as an ascetic who has turned his back to the world and its ways, who denies life and considers it evil.' Here Pandit Nehru, one feels. is in the wrong. The love and humanity of Gandhiji is miles away from the destructive, derisory and negative attitude that characterises an ascetic who denies life and considers it evil.

Mahatma Gandhi is one of the greatest men ever born. A pacifist he has forsaken the spirit of the sword. Like all great teachers of the world he has shown the futility of mere humanism as the guiding force in life. The world has not yet reached that stage of perfection where it can take up his message—'Be good in your individual lives and all else will follow'. Gandhiji has perhaps convicted the tragrdy of striking twelve an hour before noon.

MAHATMA GANDHI—A TRULY GREAT MAN

BY

CLARE SHERIDEN

> Gandhi is a moral genius. He has announced a method for the settlement of disputes which may not only supersede the method of force but, as men grow more powerful in the art of destruction must supersede it if civilization is to survive. No doubt his method has for the moment failed; no doubt he has promised more than he can perform, but if men had never promised more than it was possible for them to perform, the world would be the poorer, for the achieved reform is the child of the unachieved ideal. —C. E. M. JOAD.

It is not very easy to speculate as to the future, when history is being woven at its present accelerated speed but one can safely assume that the next generation of British rulers, whatever class they may belong to will be devoid of their present prejudices. I even dare to affirm that generations of the future will claim and acclaim such personalities as Gandhi, Nehru and Tagore, as brilliant abjuncts of the British heritage.

Three such men in a same epoch is remarkable. I would add Radhakrishnan to their number and who knows how many more there may be known to India and unknown to us.

These men rank in the highest category. They are of the stuff that Plato describes as Priest-Kings, the French equivalent of the " Chevalierans peur et sons reproch" . There is yet another, nearer to our shores: De Valera, enshrouded in misunder-standing, and mistrust. Time will render them their due. It is just a mater of time, for in time, the incrediable does happen: for instance, George Washington, the biggest

rebel that Britain has ever had to contend with, is honoured by a statue. undersized, it is true, but nevertheless a statue, in Trafalgar Square! On the 4rh day of July every year, we celebrate with the conquerors our most humiliating defeat!

It is little more than a century after we feel as detached and magnanimous over the severance of our rich American colony; are we not justified in foreseeing an equally amicable solution of our Indian probem ?

I wish it might fall to me, ere I die, to be the carver of a statue ereced in honour of Gandhi, and I would place it on the pedestal before the India Office in the place of Clive.

Not so very long ago, Gandhi announced that if he were free, he vould go to the Japanese and ask them to desist! Such anger, such indignation did this provoke in official circles, caustic comment in the press; I could not help wondering whether the Crusaders indulged in like diatribe when St. Francis went over to the enemy's lines with intent to convert the Sultan. That the Japanese would have received Gandhi with all the honour and courtesy that the Sultan vouchsafed St. Francis, I have not a doubt. The success of the venture is less certain. We know the Sultan did not become a Christian.

Just after I had sculpted Gandhi on the occasion of the Round Table Conference, I went back to Ageria (which was then my home) and my Arab friends beseiged me for information. To one of the Chiefs, an Agha, who was a French scholar, I lent my precious copy of Gandhi's autobiography translated by Romain Ralland. I never got it back. From hand to hand it went among the Chiefs of tribes and villages, from oasis to oasis across the Sahara desert. Finally I asked my frliend: " Why are you all so interested in Gandhi ? "

The answer was : " We are not particularly interested in Gandhi, but we are interested in British form

of Colonial administration. We have so often wished that we had the British here instead of the French. Now, after reading the book we are so thankful we have the French."

Winston Churchill's refusal to meet or speak with Gandhi when he came to England for the Round Table Conference seemed unintelligible until one realises that this attitude was dictated by prudence. For to meet Gandhi is a great experience to which I believe only Charlie Chaplin was immune.

During those Conference days, when Gandhi was available in his Knightsbridge sanctuary, I was able to bring several of my deeply prejudiced friends and relatives to him. The effect was almost simultaneous. One could not come into Ganhdhi's environment and be unaffected.

I shared the privilege of sculpting him (while he sat on the floor spinning) with the famous American Joe Davidson. Joe was my rival. He, too hunted big heads and had accumulated a fine international collection! He told me that the nearer he got to "big" men the smaller they always seamed, the only one of the many who did not disappoint him, was Gandhi. "A truly great man," said Joe Davidson who was not easily impressed.

Gandhi has, without any effort on his part, triumphed over all the lies and libels and travesties that have been published about him by an inspired press over a period of years. Just as Edward VII was "hotted up" to the public, Gandhi was "boiled down" mercilessly and relentlessly.

But truth triumphs in time. Today the truth about Gandhi is known to the majority of the public in all lands. His prestige is high. His intrinsic sincerity and nobility is not questioned. However opinions may vary as to his qualities as a politician. there is no query as to the quality of his aims and ambitions, no doubt about the quality of the Mahatma's soul and great spirit.

GANDHI—PEOPLE'S PROPHET, AND FRIEND

BY

WILLIAM E. HOOKENS

> Mr. Gandhi has been a great bridge. He has been able to commend politics to his fellow-countrymen in no secular form, and with no divorce from their mere religious tradition ; he has been able to commend himself, and the cause of his country, to the British people, as something far beyond the stature of a political agitator or a matter of political agitation.
>
> —ERNEST BARKER.

No man is a prophet in his country, is a true saying applicable to most men, but is surely not applicable to Gandhi. He is a people's prophet and friend. The greatest of the land, he sheds lustre wherever he goes and brings to India the name she once had. In Carl Heath's recent book GANDHI (George Allen & Unwin) we see this lustre all the more clearly because Carl Heath is an extraordinary man ever in contact with the extraordinary in other men of other races.

The wonderful thing about Carl Heath is that he sees Gandhi as no other man has ever before seen him —namely, as the triumphant good in man. His impressions of Gandhi are in the fewest pages possible. No one but a Carl Heath could portray in about 30 pages the seer made politician. In these pages the Mahatma and prophet, politician and saint, come clearly before our eyes, not with the customary gorgeousness of the East, but with the usual restraint of the West. While other heroes have no life except that infused by their authors, Carl Heath's hero lives because he is essentially a dynamic personality, wanting to lead men, make them free.

Though, Carl Heath sees the good points of Gandhi, his writing is not an enthusiastic outburst on the god of the Orient, as are the writings of so many westerners, suddenly converted to Eastern ideas. That is because Carl Heath is not a Paul Brunton gone mad over the East, neither is he a journalist padding all the while. Carl Heath is a man who has seen straight without the mental cockeyedness usual with foreigners. He has recorded what he has seen and is all the better for it because he is a Carl Heath and not a Beverley Nichols. He is not pro-British nor anti-British, but he is sensible to be himself and to know himself more, and others too.

Carl Heath's book is an honest and intelligent enquiry into the man Gandhi. Unlike most writers he has not dissected the man, nor has he mistaken one role for another, but with the fineness of an artist. born of a penetrative vision, he has given us the whole and complete man. Others may see in Gandhi the most disturbing influence in the British Empire, but this is not so with Carl Heath. He sees in Gandhi the springs of joy and lasting succour. He quotes Prof. John Macmurray: 'By the sublime simplicity of his moral courage he restored to the masses of his fellow-countrymen their self-respect and a belief in their own humanity. And in doing so he has changed the course of history and decided the future of a great part of the human race.'

Carl Heath sees in Gandhi an intensity of vision and an ardent desire to glorify India and make it the paradise it once was. Though the people of India do not always agree with Gandhi, they always consult him on point of honour and duty because his is the inspiration that comes from the linking of courage, initiative and devotion with the vision of the prophetic soul.

Intensely a man of life, Gandhi is a guide to humanity. In his love for Truth he has become the man he now is. Naked and unashamed, he stands

before the world as the conqueror and uncrowned king of the East. Life becomes beautiful, worth living and fighting for because he seeks Truth above all else. All that he has he gives to others and is the richer for that. Tagore says of him in his inimitable way : 'The influence which emanated from his personality was ineffable, like music, like beauty.' There you have the real Gandhi revealed in truth and lucid simplicity.

The link between Gandhi and India is subtle and unbroken. Like Mazzini he has made his life the embodiment of one great idea—namely, India's freedom. 'Essential as political freedom is, Swaraj or self-government means for him much more than a political condition. A prophet of the ideal way and the shining light he makes application in the real in all life all the time. Hence his action-demands have so often that quality about them that is uncompromising and will spare nothing, least of all himself and his own life'.

Gandhi's life will be left incomplete if no mention is made of his fervent love for the untouchables. In this connection Carl Heath aptly quotes Mr, Edward Thompson : 'Mr. Gandhi's efforts to remove untouchablility are not the least part of his striking career.' No wonder he is India's darling hero.

A warring West and a hate-ridden East can see no good come from non-violence, but wise men like Carl Heath see its efficacy because it is essentially the creed of Christians. True Christian as Carl Heath is, he cannot help seeing in Gandhi the good that men usually do not see, or will not see, because they do not want to acknowledge him a better man than themselves. While, practically the whole Christian world despaired of Truth, this one man who is not a Christian solaced the world, saying.' Truth will triumph and make the world free. Field-Marshal Smuts sees in Gandhi's nonviolent resistance ' Gandhi's distinctive contribution to political methods.'

A WEEK WITH GANDHIJI

BY

MOHD. FATHULLA KHAN

Mahatma Gandhi must be saluted as the twentieth-century saint who stands uniquely alone, and who both by teaching and example points the way to salvation in a world which, if it heed him not, is doomed to self-destruction. He should be regarded not as a political leader, despite his immensely valuable services to the Indian Nationalist movement and the political repercussions of his fasts, but rather as a spiritual leader and teacher, his so-called political activities merely as the logical outcome of his ethics and philosophy.

—MISS ETHEL MANNIN.

On the birthday of Gandhiji some of us who, at one time or other, have had the privilege of coming into contact with him feel impelled to get into a mood of recollections.

To-day my mind goes back to the year nineteen hundred and twenty-four. Gandhiji was convalescing at the Sassoon Hospital in Poona, after an operation for appendicitis.

"This is not the time for politics" said Gandhiji as he started on his evening walk on the grounds of the hospital. "Let us reflect on the lovely crescent and the shining stars up in the blue sky".

Though Gandhiji had once written the present writer that he considered himself quite unfit to express opinion on poetry, yet that evening Gandhiji was verily poetry of the highest order. The delicacy and beauty of his expression above all, his unique discernment of divine meaning in the fineness of the lines of the crescent and in twinkling of the pointed stars were indeed inimitable of his own.

Rustic in resemblance and attire, Gandhiji in himself seemed to be an unusual expression of poetry—the poetry of God !

Stepping out of his room Gandhiji, with a bunch of flowers in his hand, would first visit the other neighbouring patients lying in the same block as he was. He would smilingly offer them flowers, and comfort and cheer them up cutting one or two apt jokes. Having done this, which he considered his duty, he would start on his constitutional walks.

At the time of his walks there used to be not more than three or four intimate friends with him including the late Deenabandha C. F. Andrews and the writer whom Gandhiji loved to call, in his characteristic fashion, by the nickname of 'Time Keeper', as he (the writer) had been entrusted with the unusual duty of sounding a warning on the completion of the seventh round of Gandhiji's walk.

Besides my teacher Andrews, Mr. Rajagopalacharia and Mr. Devadas Gandhi, (Gandhiji's youngest and fondest son) were also in Poona at the time.

That Gandhiji has cast his shadow over India as a banian tree, widespread and deep-rooted, by the sheer-force of his asceticism, remarkable standard of conduct and method of action thus giving his personality a queer interest at once becomes visible as one approaches him. And no wonder then that the profound respect, devotion and awe that the teeming millions of the country have for him are carried to the extent of his being looked upon as an *avatar*.

Stories of Gandhiji possessing miraculous powers are to be heard even in the distant roadless and trackless places like Tibet. An American lady once related to me how when a Tibetan from India went there he was very often asked whether it was true that Buddha

had been re-incarnated in India and was knows an Mahatma Gandhi. The Tibetans told her that they had heard that he was waging war aginst the English king, but that when the enemies tried to shoot him their shots passed harmlessly through his body. Again, when they tried to crush him by running loaded trains over him, he merely stood up twice as strong as before. Thus Gandhiji's ascetic life has given rise to many such interesting legends.

At this time, the Political Department of the Government of India was thrusting English officers upon Hyderabad State, on the ground of alleged inefficiency and corruption. And the rumour was going round that the Nizam had lodged a strong protest against this forced importation of foreigners into his service, but in vain.

Being a Hyderabadi, I was naturally prompted to ask Gandhiji as to how he looked at this matter, Sympathising with the Nizam, Gandhiji observed that if the Nizam only has had popular sanction of his subjects behind his reported protest, the so-called paramount power dare not do thing like that.

As Gandhiji sits spinning, looking like the fifteenth century mystic poet Kabir, thin, bare from the waist up, one hand holding the twirling cotton and the other turning the wheel, visitors come and ask him various sort of questions. And Gandhiji would satisfy them all, sometimes putting on a broad smile and sometimes gravely, showing them the way out of their difficulties.

Through the spinning wheel Gandhiji has indeed cultivated his inexhaustible patience and developed his mental poise ; and that is why his infinite love for charkha, whatever the economic aspect of it.

Psychologically, it is a triumph that one who loves children and is fond of nursing rarely gets ruffled or

irritated. So is the case with Gandhiji. His sense of good humour and his extraordinary patience utterly defeat all attempts at provoking him into any harsh act or undignified utterance.

Himself unflinchingly devoted to Truth, and ever ready to undergo sacrifice and suffering in its cause, Gandhiji demands the same unfaltering loyalty to Truth in his followers.

Undoubtedly, Gandhiji as a politician is far different from the usual type, with a peculiar technique of his own; and his impress upon Indian history is bound to be lasting. But, the India as Gandhiji would like to present to the word, with a Message of her own,—Back to—the—village, Non—violent India divested of all artificial trappings of modern civilisation—such an India of Gandhiji's dream is yet to take shape.

May God, therefore, spare him to see the India of his heart's desire in the making! —Hindu.

ETHICS OF MAHATMA'S PHILOSOPHY

BY

RAMNATH SUMAN

> I cultivate the quiet courage of dying without killing. But to him who has not this courage I advise that of killing than of being killed, rather than that of shamefully fleeing from danger.
>
> —MAHATMA GANDHI.

There are men who defy analysis. Gandhi is one of them. There is something intrinsic behind his face, which reveals a saintly glow, almost irresistible in its charm. As 'Iconoclast' somewhere says: A real man is neither a smooth round, nor a perfect square; he is an irregular rhomboid.' The same applies to Gandhi, for he is hard to understand.

Many are the difficulties that come in our way when we attempt to analyse his soul and his philosophy. It is a hard task and becomes harder when we think that he is not only a world-teacher but a full-fledged politician. 'In the history of the world no thinker of his eminence has cared to engross himself in the current events of his generation' once pointed out Professor A. C. Wadia, And indeed no other great teacher has influenced the course of the current events, to such a remarkable degree and extent, in his own life time. Krishna and Budha were supreme in the world of thought and action. But neither of them influenced the traits of world-character in his own life time to such an extent. The reason is not far to seek. It is not that they were inferior to Gandhi in equipment; indeed they were better-fitted for the task. The reason lies in the fact that in no age of world-history politics occupied such a prominent place and exercised so much influence over the minds and affairs of men. Politics has little

need for religion and immortality; philosophy it has treated with scorn; pure thinking it has made difficult. Thus it is that thinkers like Bertrand Russell, Romain Rolland and Einstein, worshipped in the world of thought, are considered outcastes in practical affairs that matter in the lives of men. The time for intervention in this state of affairs was long overdue. Politics had to be made purer and brought under control. It is clear that unless and until this is done and a teacher has taught that politics has to take only its rightfull place in the scheme of things, the world will not be safe for qualities that are noble and lasting in human nature. Gandhiji undertook to do this great task and chose politics as the field of his service.

Gandhiji once declared: ' He who says that religion has nothing to do with politics, does not know religion,' and again, 'Ours is a movement of self-purification.' Bad characters, he pointed out, were often great intellects, and they could manage certain affairs well enough by the force of their intellect. The private character of some of the leading members of the House of Commons will not bear examination. We too have often carried on our political movement in the same fashion; we did not concern ourselves with the morals of the Congress delegates or leaders. But in 1920 we struck an entirely new departure and we declared that since truth and non-violence were the sole means to be employed by the Congress to reach its goal, self—purification was necessary even in political life.

Therefore he brought this moral weapon of Satyagraha to the fore-front and applied it with such skill that the conspiring evil geniuses of diplomacy were non-plussed and puzzled.

Mahatma Gandhi's whole philosophy is ethical but not—dogmatic. Moral actions, coupled with the moral spirit, necessary in realisation of oneness of Soul, or say

it God if you will, constitute his Dharma. In fact there is no considerable difference in his ethics and his religion. At every step and in every walk of life, he emphasises the necessity of pure, unadulterated moral spirit. Without it life is no life; religion, a mockery, a superstition. The idea of self-purification is the key-note of his life—self-purification through self-suffering.

It is clear from his Experiments with Truth," that he has evolved himself on that basis. His life is a living example of a highly impassioned soul-evolving out of essentially moral matter and rising to the heights of spiritual bliss. His ethics naturally leads to metaphysics. But it has no pit-falls like the latter, which cannot be adopted by ordinary men. Pure ethics does not demand so much from its followers. In fact it is a constituent part of human nature, and can be evolved to a very high and exalted order, if given a chance. It offers no knotty, intricate, or mysterious problem or practice-like the Yoga or other higher philosophies. It is simple. clear and understandable by the meanest and the highest; from a scholar to an unlettered villager. After Budha no other great teacher has attached so much importance to pure morality as Mahatma Gandhi has done.

Gandhiji does not claim to have realized Truth, but in every minute of his life, he seeks it and tries to submerge his whole being into it. Ahimsa, non-violence, is the means, the way to attain the ideal. His Ahimsa, cannot be fully translated into English. Our course, the original itself is incomplete and gives only a negative meaning. His Ahimsa stands for harmlessness. He holds all life, not only human, sacred. The realisation of this sacredness of life is the basis of his Ahimsa. It also denotes that in fact all life is one. Ahimsa, when at its best, is the highest and the purest form of love. True Ahimsa without true love is impossible. It does not end in non-killing; it includes any harm, injury and misery, whether physical or mental, caused to any being. In fact it ever wishes and tries for the good of the

opponent. There is no opponent left in the higher stage. All is one. As long as the heart is the abode of jealousy, fear, vice, greed, lust, hatred and other dark passions, no true Ahimsa is possible. A seeker of Truth, therefore, when he takes to the path of Ahimsa, has to abdicate all the Tamas, in the very beginning. Without this renunication he cannot be admitted to be a true seeker or a true Gandhite if you wish to call it that way. In the practice of true Ahimsa Rajas gradually gives way to Satya, the spirit of truth. When this pervades the being, an inner glow is felt : the curtain is withdrawn and lo, there reigns the supreme glory of Truth !

Thus we can easily see that the simple philosophy of Gandhi, though not essentially spiritual in character, has spiritual attributes in it and ultimately leads to the same goal which the Hindu mystics and philosophers have ever kept in view.

No doubt Gandhi has not given any new principle of philosophy to the world. The elements were all there. He took them and made a powerful weapon out of them. His genius lies in application rather than in invention. He is the first man to apply the principle of Ahimsa on such a large scale. He has shown to the world that Ahimsa is not a weapon of the weak, it is a weapon that gives credit to the bravest of the braves. He has shown that it has immense possibilities, not only of moulding the nature of men, bringing them closer and closer, but of fighting the power-mad nations of earth and bringing them round to a sense of justice, without shedding human blood. For the first time Gandhiji showed, how Ahimsa can be used as a weapon in a grim struggle or war. He has demonstrated that it has an intrinsic as well as strategic value for the world. Essentially speaking it is a weapon of love and in its application we not only save our opponent from physical or bodily injury but drive out our own fear—fear pertaining to body. When we apply it we are at once transferred to a higher plain of action as instead of

anger we act through love ; and love as sentiment is more powerful and releases energies on a much larger scale than anger, which is at the root of every act of retaliation. Love involves the principle of continuity of life. It is lasting, and ultimately gains in strength, though slowly.

Gandhism gives a greater possible freedom and latitude for the development of human life. It tries to bring harmony between the two different schools of philosophy or ways of life—that of the individualist and the socialist. While he lays deep emphasis on individual evolution by way of self purification, he does not forget to attach special importance to the idea of serving society in its various branches. Comprehensive as it is, self-purification and social service, are twin sisters, in his philosophy. In fact he has made them—one. The Mahatma does not admit any difference between realised Ahimsa and Truth, still he always uses both words, not necessarily to denote any difference, but to safeguard the spirit as he knows the weak tendencies of the human mind. He knows that in the last stage of spiritual development no difference remains, both are submerged into one ; but as long as the seeker has not attained to that stage, emphasis on both of them is necessary lest human weakness may find a free outlet in channels not suited to proper development of society as a whole.

In order that the aim of his teaching should not be forgotten, Mahatma Gandhi has laid down some more safeguards for the seeker who takes his path. With Ahimsa he has also made incumbent the conditions of self-inflicted poverty, self-control, sacrifice, humility, and courage. This idea of non-possession (Aparigraha) gives a very important clue to his philosophy. It is deeply rooted in it, as it is essentially a philosophy of renunciation. He has brought this idea of renunciation to the practical field of service, has applied it to Karmamarg. Gandhi will undoubtedly rank among the greatest Karmyogis

of history. I doubt whether any greater Karmyogi ever existed on earth after Krishna.

Ideas of Ahimsa and non-possession are also checks on growing nationalism that may turn into a poisonous national greed, the sorry spectacle of which humanity is witnessing to-day in the West. Live and help others to live, this is the essence of his life. There is no fear for one who has truly taken to heart the idea of non-possession as enunciated by Gandhi, that he will forget humanity in the maddening intoxication of misguided patriotism. Humanity cannot be dissected ; it is one indivisible whole.

Here lies the permanent contribution of Gandhism to humanity. It has provided the down-trodden, the poor and the weak with a new weapon, and has shown in practice that it can be used with the widest possible effects, without shedding a single drop of blood.

Gandhi is not a personality like Napoleon or the ex-Kaisar. He is an idea like Lenin. He gives a message, a hope to humanity. His greatness lies in not what he has done in the field of politics, but in his daring Experiment of Truth, the application of spiritual to the physical or secular. His greatness is not in his being a leader of multitudes, but in his being the teacher of humanity.

GANDHI—EXPONENT OF GITA IN ACTUAL PRACTICE

BY

DR. KAILAS NATH KATJU

A satyagrahi should have a living faith in God. That is because he has no other strength but that of his unflinching faith in him. —GANDHIJI.

Mahatma Gandhi is a great world-figure. His con-contribution to the wel-fare of mankind has been great and noteworthy. It is no small thing that in the midst of a global war in which all parties concerned take glory and pride in an orgy of unbridled and unparalleled violence, there should be an apostle of peace and good-will who dares to lift his voice and preach his message of truth and non-violence amidst such uncongenial surroundings to a world seemingly gone mad.

It is now recognised everywhere after the awful experience of two world wars that violence leads no-where and settles nothing. Every war has in itself the seeds of another still more terrible. The world seems to be caught in a vicious circle. A war to end wars is mockery and a delusion. The path of salvation for mankind lies in the direction pointed out by Gandhiji. The western nations will learn that lesson after much bloodshed and suffering and Gandhiji, like prophet of old, will be revered if not by this generation then by succeeding generations. Non-violence as an admirable quality in the individual has been acclaimed by all saints and seers, but the introduction of principles of non-violence and non-co-operation in the domain of politics is an endeavour of Gandhiji alone, and of all others he had stood firm like a rock by his principles in these times when men and women of lesser faith have faltered. I do not wish however to pursue this line of thought here at any great

length. I would rather emphasise what we in India owe to Gandhiji.

To the Indian mind—Hindu's and Muslim's alike—renunciation appeals most ; wealth and rank have their glamor and wield outward authority but real reverence and devotion go to one who has renounced all for the benefit of his fellow beings. But often renunciation is but part of the quest for God and the ultimate Reality. To the oriental mind all we see round us is vanity and the world itself is a vanity of vanities. An urge, almost irresistible, drives the Hindu, and often the Muslim also to retirement in search of the inner peace of the soul. The Bhagwat Gita inculcated, however the noble doctrine that inner peace can also be found in incessant action, in continuous striving for the welfare of fellow-beings, provided such action was devoid of attachment to its fruit. Work strenuously, says the Gita, for the welfare of all animate beings in a spirit of detachment. That is the ideal of Karmayogi, and Gandhiji has striven in his own life to realise that ideal. For now over half a century he has worked incessantly unresting and unhasting like a star, for our benefit without the thought of self. The Hindu mind loves abstractions and metaphysics. The yearning for God is deep and leads many to seclusion, and many more to worshop in diverse ways for the purpose of gaining individual salvation. But Gandhiji has by his precept and his example, led us in the path pointed out by the Gita as the best and most suitable for those in trouble, in sorrow and in conflict with forces of evil. For us who are struggling for freedom the teaching of the Gita is the most appropriate, and Gandhiji we consider as our most experienced and efficient teacher for imparting that lesson. Gandhiji himself has said that over and over again he has gone to the Gita as a child goes to his mother. He considers the Gita as the best dictionary of human conduct and as the key which unlocks all mysteries and riddles. I have no doubt that when the history of the present national

movement comes to be written, the historian will give great place to the Gita as a potent unifying force among different sections of the Hindu community. The message of the Gita is eternal. It is meant for all humanity and is not limited to any particular race or nation. This Gandhiji has shown by his life and the love which he bears for all people without distinction of creed or colour and particularly by his burning sympathy for those who are in distress and those whose lot has been cast in misery and poverty. During the past thousands of years the Gita has been expounded in a variety of ways by various philosophers in support of their own theories and doctrines, but the Indian people owe to Gandhiji the living example of the best exponent of the Gita in actual practice.

There is another debt which we who consider ourselves as his humble followers owe to him. Under his influence and direction Indian National Congress adopted truth and non-violence as the only legitimate method for achieving freedom. Gandhiji thus carried political war-fare on the highest moral plane, and every Congressman in the public eye and imagination shared to some extent the moral grandeur of his leader. This uplifting by a political leader of his followers by the sheer force of his example, a character to his higher level of moral integrity and virtue is, in my judgment an unprecedented phenomenon. Every Congressman is considered as a devotee of truth and all good qualities are attributed to him. If he falls short and pleads imperfection or human nature as his defence, the answer is : 'but you are a Congressman ; not for you all these moral weaknesses. What may be condoned or tolerated in an ordinary man or woman cannot be excused in a Congressman.' I repeat once again that we in the Congress owe this immeasurable debt of gratitude to Gandhiji that he has endeavoured to lift us out of ourselves, to raise our moral stature, to make us better men and women. odt has put us on a pedestal which many of us find har He

stand upon in spite of our best efforts. For such a leader, one who offers us all that he has ungrudgingly, who thinks and strives for our welfare and emancipation every waking moment of his life, is it any wonder that millions are prepared to follow where he beckons, and to do his bidding whatever may befall. He wields no force of arms, he abjures and detests all violence and the tie that binds him and his followers is the silkin tie of love wrought by a career of unexampled and continuous suffering and anguish, and strenuous endeavour for the uplifting of a downtrodden people, for infusing life in an inert mass, for awakening in them a sense of self-respect and self-reliance, for making them conscious that it is shameful and humiliating not to be master in their own land.

On his birthday, prayers will go up in countless homes that he may be spared for many more years to see the fruition of his labours, and to witness the liberation of the motherland. Thoughts will also turn to the gracious lady, his partner in life's adventure, Shrimati Kasturba, the memory of whose life of unselfish service a grateful people are uniting today to honour and perpetuate. We are not raising for her memorials in stone or in marble, but we are going to raise memorials of a different kind in numberless villages where in the name of Kasturba succour and aid and the light of education and medical relief will be made available to every woman and child. Gandhiji will set his hand today to another 'work of noble note.' This work by God's blessings, shall succeed and prosper and live for ever more.

GANDHIJI—SPIRIT OF INDIAN FREEDOM
AN APPRECIATION

None has a greater horror of passivity than this tireless fighter, who is one of the most heroic incarnations of a man who resists. The soul of his movement is active force of love, faith and sacrifice. —ROMAIN ROLLAND.

India has two great wonders: the Taj Mahal and Mahatma Gandhi. The soul of India speaks through both of them. The Taj is our dream of love, of the spirit that looks through death. Gandhiji is the spirit of freedom incarnate. The dream in marble that is the Taj and the dream of freedom made real and living in flesh and blood are our priceless possessions. Not for all the wealth of the world our people will exchange them, For through them, our national spirit lives on and learns to look beyond the darkness and distress of the present. The lean figure of the frail old man in loin cloth towers above us all and watches over our destiny. This week the nation rejoices in the completion of his 75th year. The seventy-five years of his eventful life cover the most momentous period of our national history. The fire of freedom that burns today in the hearts of our people from Kashmir to Cape Comorin had been lit up nearly 75 years ago. Rammohan and Ranade, Naoroji and Gokhale, Romesh Dutt and Dayanand, Tilak and Surendranath—all brought fuel to keep the fire burning. Sometimes it burnt dim and low, but it never could be extinguished for it fed upon the fiery zeal of our own people.

It remained with Gandhiji to turn the slow smouldering spark into a vast pillar of fire, moving and ever catching on the hearts of our people, rich or poor, old or young, It was Gandhiji who planted in our breasts an all-consuming hatred of servitude. It was he who forged the new weapons of struggle for

freedom, truth and justice. In a blood-stained world, where the clash of cold steel kills the body and soul of man, Gandhiji's weapons of the spirit shine bright and clear. Like Christ on the Cross, Gandhiji bears the burden of the world ; he bears it with infinite pity and infinite forbearance for the enemies of truth and justice. Like Christ too, he has not an unkind word of anger for those who abuse him.

What is victory or defeat to a man like him ? Even the mightiest power of the mightiest empire of the world holds no terror for him. He is, as Einstien says, "a victorious fighter who scorns the use of force". Brass hats and batons are put to shame by this frail old man, whose voice is the voice of the teeming millions of India, whose strength is the strength of the spirit that never falters.

The day may not be far off when freedom will be won by us. It is a freedom worth having, more because the world's greatest man has laboured for it, and fought for it with such weapons as a Buddha or a Christ alone could dream of.

All his life Gandhiji has been first and foremost a fighter. Young Mohandas had fought against the conservatives of his community over the question of going to England. Lawyer Mohandas, a poor little-known black man in the white paradise of South Africa fought even more relentless and powerful enemies. Like a giant eagle he swooped over the tame barndoor fowls; he fought with his most original weapon of warfare and sent the big little men scurrying over. The big Boer-War-veteran Smuts had to admit defeat and later pay his humble homage to Gandhiji.

The story of his epic struggle in India since 1921 is a subject fit for Homer. The glory and grandeur of it have caught the admiring eyes of the world, roused envy and animosity in the hearts of the enemies of freedom.

The Grand March to Dandi in 1930 shook even the proudeest champions of the Empire. Churchill gnashed his teeth at the sight of Gandhiji talking on equal terms with the pro-consul Irwin, who had at his beck and call all the armed might of the Empire. Churchill shook his fist against " the nauseating and humiliating spectacle of this one time Inner Temple lawyer, now a seditious Fakir, striding halfnaked up the steps of the Viceroy's Palace, there to negotiate and parley on equal terms with the representative of their King Emperor." The same Churchill had to depute Cripps to negotiate with the Congress, and Gandhiji is the undisputed leader of the Congress.

Like Ulysses of old, Gandhiji is in eternal quest of truth. He has reached his 76th year. Death has robbed him of his soul-mate, the peerless Kastutba. Neither age nor grief can quench the spirit of the ever-youthful old man. He is the truest symbol of Mother India herself, full of sacred wisdom of the old, never failing in scattering far and wide the unextinguishable sparks of thought.

The bond holders of the Empire refuse to hear him, so too " Rome would have refused it to Christ. And the British Empire is like the Roman Empire " (Rom ain Rolland).

The kingdom upon earth for which Gandhiji strives and suffers has yet to come. But it will come as sure as the sun rises in the East. For the coming of that great Day amoug Days, we too must strive for, in th spirit of Gandhiji. Caesar's guards used to greet him thus on the eve of their march to battle.

" Hail Caesar ! we who shall die, salute thee "

Such is the salute which we too must offer to-day in absolute loyalty to ur soldier-saint, Gandhiji.

—*Saturday Mail*

GHANDI AND CHINA

BY

PROF. TAN YUN-SHAN

Even the lightest word from that toothless month (of the Mahatma) speaks louder to the masses than all the guns of the Iadian Army.

—F. YEATS—BROWN.

By the Indian people, Gandhiji is regarded as a Mahatma ; by the western people, he is regarded as an Indian saint or ascetic ; but by the Chinese people, he is regarded as a living Buddha or a Maha Bodhisattva.

There is no doubt that Gandhi commands the deepest love and profoundest veneration of the Chinese people. The Chinese people respect and revere the Gurudeva Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi just as the late Dr. Sun Yat-Sen and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek. The Chinese people love Gandhiji even more than the Indians. For in India we still very often hear this or that criticism on Gandhiji or this or that complaint against him. In China we have only love and veneration for him and our love and veneration are absolutely pure and unadulterated.

But we Chinese people love Gandhiji not merely for his world-wide fame ; nor do we respect him merely for his great religious and social infiuence on the mass of the Indian people ; neither do we only revere him for his half-century-long political movement. The Chinese people have not got the snobbishness of extolling any wordly name or fame nor do they have the habit of adoring any wordly influence or power. We love, respect and revere Gandhi only for his gteat personality, excellent character, noble spirit, lofty ideals, perfect morality and after all his illustrious virtue.

Whv do the Chinese people love, respect and revere Gandhiji so much? Because what Gandhiji represents or interprets is the best of Indian culture which is very similar to the culture of China. In China there was an ancient saint called Mo-Tsu whose doctrine of 'Chine-Ai' or 'Love-All' and 'Fei-Kung' or 'Non Aggression' is exactly like Gandhiji's principle of 'Ahimsa' or 'Non-Violence'. Gandhiji's spirit of self-sacrifice is also exactly like Mo-Tsu's. It was said that Mo-Tsu would grind himself from the top of his head to the bottom of his feet if it would be beneficial to the world.

To the Chinese Buddhists, Gandhi is the living Ti-Teang or Ksitigarbha of India to-day, one of the group of the eight Dhyanti-Bodhisattvas whose role is to save all the creatures between the Nirvana of Sakyamuni Buddha and the advent of Maitreya, as described in a Mahayana Buddhist scripture. It is mentioned in that scripture that Ksltigatbba vowed that if there is one left in hell not being emancipated he will not attain his Budda-hood and that until all creatures have been saved he would not have his own salvation. Now what Gandhiji is doing for the Harijans is exactly what Ksitigarbha vowed to do for those in hell.

To-day, when the world is plunged into brutal power and sinking into the fathomless sea of lust, of gain and conquest, we want Gandhiji's gospel of love, peace and sacrifice. Long live Gandhiji!

—*Indian Review*

MAHATMA GANDHI

A REVIEW OF ACTIVITIES

> **He knows how to make friends with the most ignorant peasant as sincerely as with a man of his own educational level. To him, no man or woman is common or unclean. This is not a beautiful theory that he preaches ; it is his daily practice.**
>
> —HORACE G. ALEXANDER.

On the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, a grateful World would love to emphasise how much peace and goodwill Gandhiji has spread among his fellowmen. His life is a long pilgrimage of peace. But it is also a life of conflict and struggle and startling declarations of war. Even the long relentless and sometimes spectacular fight which Gandhiji has waged against Imperialism cannot make us forget the strong, purposeful will behind a career which has involved clash of personalities as will as clash of principles. There were generals before Agamemnon and there were patriots before Gandhiji and the British Empire full of raucous propagandists who are clever enough to malign even a Mahatma. Gandhiji had either to convert them or to fight them. Greatness has its own standards. It can raise men to the level of its own eminence ; it can also kick men into the obscurity which they deserve. Gandhiji has done both. Gandhiji's code of conduct towards political opponents was formulated early in life, ever since the community priest pronounced a curse on him for deciding to go to England to study for the Bar. In South Africa three attempts on his life were contemplated and two were actually made. But his forbearance and gentleness were so great that the whites, who tried to lynch him, were ashamed of their conduct and Mir Alam, the Pathan who waylaid him and

cudgelled him, became one of his greatest friends. In both cases Gandhiji forgave the attackers with humility, though in the case of whites the Colonial Office itself, with the great Joseph Chamberlain at its head, wanted action to be taken. The most curious part of the South African phase of Gandhiji's life was that he had often to struggle against his own followers. But, characteristiclally enough, whenever he had to choose associates on deputations to authorities either in South Africa or in England, he chose them from among his opponents. How many leaders in any country would do that !

Gandhiji's greatest opponent in South Africa was General Smuts, fresh from his triumphs in the Boer War, now a veteran statesman, a Field Marshal of the Empire; a friend of Roosevelt and Churchill, he was even in the first decade of the century, a dour and relentless man voicing the interests of the whites and revealing for the first time that strange inconsistency between principle and practice which makes him a paradox of a man gifted with vision among whites and a perpetrator of injustices among the dark races of the world. But it was also his misfortune to be ranged against a more dour and relentless fighter, a man more determined than Roberts or Kitchener and fightering with new weapons. Gandhiji gave Smuts every chance in his first negotiations but Smuts proved to be a saboteur of agreements and somewhere Gandhiji explains his strange inconsistencies and breaches of faith. So there was a more relentless fight, the great Satyagraha of 1913 leading to the abolition of the iniquitous £3 tax. Smuts admitted defeat in 1914 but he has reasserted himself again and again. But one thing he has never retracted, his admiration for Gandhiji's high-souled greatness.

In his 70th birthday tribute to Gandhiji in Radhakrishnan's volume he admits that it was a misfortune to have been ranged against a man like Gandhiji.

And what did Gandhiji do during those trying days? Smuts happened to like his sandals and Gandhiji sent him a pair made with his own hands at Tolstoy Farm.

Gandhiji's arrival in India was not a storm-signal. He kept his peace for a year but then at the opening ceremony of the Benares Hindu University he made a speech which sent Princes scurrying out of the hall and annoyed the great Annie Besant herself. For originality, for pungency, for gentleness, for its militant undertone, that speech is a master-piece and contains the essence of the 'credo' which Gandhiji has been emphasising these thirty years. Gokhale had died but there were still giants in the land and Lord Willingdon had started his career as a prancing proconsul in Bombay. Strangely, Willingdon beat a retreat over the question of Viramgam Customs and even requested Gandhiji to see him whenever there were grievances to be redressed. But the Willingdon of 1931 had known his Mahatma and did his best to defend the Empire by hunting Congressmen. Things had been different in the last war, at least till Gandhiji startled Lord Chelmsford by making a speech in Hindi at a War Conference.

There were soon signs of an epic clash between Gandhiji and Tilak, an idea fostered by the schismatic politicians who wanted to carry on the Tilak-Gokhale controversies. But what infinite patience he showed in those days and who could have been more moved than he when the great Tilak died on the very eve of non-co-operation? For Tilak, Gandhiji had a great admiration mixed with awe. In an article on Tilak Pherozeshah Mehta and Gokhale, he explains how while he admired all three, he was drawn towards Gokhale's simple, loving and charming ways, his sincerity and modesty The moderate Gokhale, paradoxically, is still the guru of Gandhi, the extremist.

As the epic struggle developed, more clashes were expected. The moderates dropped off but giants like

Das, Nehru and Lajpat Rai could only have been converted by a Mahatma. And what chivalry he has shown throughout in leaving the field clear to others, provided they were sincere, self-sacrificing and had the people behind them. Grim battles were fought in the A. I. C. C. sessions and Congress gatherings but the Mahatma remained a no-changer. There could, however, be no doubt that even the great Das, India's Parnell, would have finally walked out of the councils as Motilal Nehru did. Another clash of similar nature seemed to develop at the Calcutta Congress of 1928 with Nehru and Bose in the opposition this time. But the Mahatma gauged the temper of the nation correctly and led it to a supreme triumph in the struggle of 1930.

The Khare episode illustrated a curious drawback in our politics—the use some politicians make of the Congress to kick it off when it suits them. Khare has shown a bitterness that has no parallel even in Ambedkars polemics. In both cases, the power complex works strongly. Ask Ambedkar about his list of complaints against Gandhiji and it amounts to a charge that he was being cheated of power by the wily politician Gandhiji. Gandhiji wanted an opportunity for Hindus for atonement, Ambedkar wanted it to seize power. Was this all Congress Fascism or Gandhiji's Fascism ? As he said in Khare's case, in any way, under Fascism he would have lost his head !

Many men since Mir Alam have opposed Gandhiji and come to love him. The list includes even Viceroys. Some day even Ambedkar will understand him. Today the Mahatma may not be such a nightmare even to Jinnah ! Great causes involve great clashes but history shown no more chivalrous opponent than Gandhiji. Study the great controversy between him and Tagore, a controversy based entirely on principles, in the days of non-co-operation and you see how

no barriers can exist, between truly great men. The Mahatma's relations with Jawaharlal Nehru are another illustration of Gandhiji's nature. He admits defeat while winning. In the end, he wins by the sheer force of love ! If Churchill had given him the chance in London in 1931, even he would not have failed to love this strange parador called Gandhi !

—[*From the Form*].

A GREAT SOUL

By

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

> I should celebrate in Mr. Gandhi the man who could mix the spiritual with the temporal, and could be at the same time true to both. I should also celebrate the man who could he a bridge between the East and the West, and thereby could render one of the Greatest services which it is possible to render to the cause of international understanding. —ERNEST BARKER.

'What do you think of Mahatma Gandhi ?'

'What do I think of Mahatma Gandhi ?' said the poet philosopher, emphatically, 'why I think very highly of Gandhi. He is a great man —a great soul. He today wields tremendous power over the teeming millions of India.'

'What is really the secret of his success ?'

'The secret of Gandhi's success' said the Indian Nobel prizeman enthusiastically, 'lies in his dynamic spiritual strength and incessant self-sacrifice. Many public men make sacrifices for selfish reasons. It is a sort of investment that yields handsome dividends. Gandhi is altogether different. He is unique in the nobility. His very life is another name for sacrifice. He is sacrifice itself. He covets no power, no position, no wealth, no name and no fame. Offer him the throne of all India, he will refuse to sit on it but will sell the jewels and distribute the money among the needy. Give him all the money America possesses, and he will certainly refuse to accept it, unless to be given away for a worthy cause for the uplift of humanity. His soul is perpetually anxious to give and he expects absolutely nothing in return—not even thanks. This is no exaggeration, for I know him well. He came to our

school at Bolpur and lived with us for some time. His power of sacrifice, becomes all the more irresistable because it is wedded with his paramount fearlessness. Emperors and Maharajas, guns and bayonets, inprisonments and fortunes, insults and injuries even death itself can never daunt the spirit of Gandhi. His is a liberated soul. If anyone trangles me. I shall be crying for help; but if Gandhi were strangled, I am sure he would not cry. He may laugh at his strangler; and if he has to die, he will die smiling. His simplicity of life is childlike, his adherence to truth is unflinching, his love for making is positive and aggressive. He has what is known as the Christ spirit. The longer I know him, the better I like him. It is needless for me to say that this great man is destined to play a prominent part in moulding the culture of the World.

'Such a great man deserves to be better known in the world. Why don't you make him known, you are world figure', I said.

'How can I make him known. I am nothing compared to his illuminated soul. And no truly great men has to be made great. They are great in their own glory, and when the world is ready they become famous by dint of their own greatness. When the time comes Gandhi will be known, for the world needs him and his message of love, liberty and brotherhood. The soul of the East has found a worthy symbol in Gandhi; for he is most eloquently proving that man is essentially a spiritual being, that he flourishes best in the realm of the moral and the spiritual, and most positively perishes both body and soul in the atmosphere of hatred and gunpowder smoke. A few months ago he said that India would win Swaraj (national Government) within a year. It may not come to pass within the time indicated, but he is sincere and he believes in it. It goes without saying that he will spare no pains, no privations and sacrifices to attain the end in view. His South African fight, the moral fight of

passive resistance extending over eight years, was crowned with success. Truth may be crushed by brute force for a while, but it is pure to triumph in the long run.'

' What do you really think of the non-co-operation movement in India ?'

It is a great movement indeed. It is a conflict of ideas with physical violence. I have more faith in the force of ideas than in physical force. It is fortunate that this movement is headed by a man like Gandhi whose saintly life has made him adorned all over India. As long as he is at the helm I am not afraid of the ship, or doubtful of its safe arrival at the port of destination.

Interview with to an American correspondent.

MY REMINISCENCES OF MAHATMA GANDHI

BY

MR. G. A. NATESAN

> He is a master of all the details of both organisation and administration. The results of his work in numerous fields have already proven him surpassingly great, and history will, I believe, prove his greatness in places where his work has just begun.
> —RICHARD B. GREGG.

Though my acquaintance with Gandhiji dates almost from the beginning of the Indian struggle in the Transvaal under his lead, now over four decades ago, I came to know him personally only since his return to this country in 1915 after the completion of his labours in South Africa. As Secretary of the Indian South African League in Madras, it was my privilege to be in frequent correspondence with him. Gandhiji was carrying on with the help of his compatriots a tremendous campaign of passive resistance to laws which were enforced with all the rigour and vigilance of the Boer Executive. But these laws, Gandhiji felt, were invidious and designed to brand our countrymen with the "bar sinister of inferiority." Gandhiji had too high a notion of British citizenship and the rights that should go with it to allow this shameful state of things to continue unchallenged. And so, pitting his soul force against the might of the South African Government, he waged what might be called a relentless crusade against the obnoxious laws. In this great task, his countrymen in the colony almost to a man, gathered round him, inspired by faith in the justice of the cause. They followed him with implicit trust in his leadership. What a leader and what a following ! The thin, emaciated, little pigmy of a man marching at the head of a great proces-

sion of Indians of all communities and diverse occupations—Gujarati tradesmen, Madrasi hawkers, artisans from the United Provinces and Bengal, peasants from Bihar and Assam, men and women of all faiths, rich and poor alike, prepared to follow his lead loyally unto the ends of the earth! Forsaking all comforts, home and property, they braved privations the terrors of the prison and courted suffering with a cheerfulness and fortitude that were truly infectious. The mother conntry watched this great drama with bewildering anguish and pride and tried to render what little moral and material help she could render to her children abroad, so bravely vindicating her honour. As Gokhale once said, "Mr. Gandhi was making heroes out of clay." Yet with characteristic modesty, Gandhiji wrote to me from Johannesburg at the height of the struggle in July, 1910 ;

"We derived inspiration for all the work that we have endeavoured to do here from the great leaders in India. I do not think therefore that there is any occasion to exaggerate the merits of the passive resisters."

Though with habitual modesty he refrained from making any mention of his own part in the struggle, he could never forget the glorious part played by his followers who had undergone infinite trouble and hardships. "The wonder is," he wrote to me, "there has been so little grumbling."

" The credit is all due to the men who are fighting so nobly, so bravely and so uncomplainingly."

The story of the South African struggle and the part played by Gandhiji and his compatriots have passed into history and there is no need to recount it here. But I must quote the noble words of Lord Hardinge, if only to show how profoundly the government, no less than the people of this country, were moved by the stirring episode in South African history :

Recently your comparriots in South Africa have taken matters into their own hands, by organising what is called passive resistance to laws which they consider invidious and unjust, an opinion which we who watch their struggles from afar cannot but share. They have violated, as they intended to violate, those laws with full knowledge of the penalties involed and ready with all courage and patience to endure those penalties. In all this they have the sympathy of India—deep and burning—and not only of India, but of all those who, like myself, without being Indians themselves, have feelings of sympathy for the people of this country."

Gandhiji was the soul of this movement and it was left to a great Christian divine, Bishop Whitehead of Madras, to assess the true measure of his leadership in the great struggle :

"I frankly confess, though it deeply grieves me to say it, that I see in Mr. Gandhi, the patient sufferer for the cause of righteousness and mercy, a truer representative of the Crucified Saviour, than in the men who have thrown him into prison and yet call themselves by the name of Christ."

Thus, Gandhiji's fame had reverberated from end to end of the empire, and a right royal welcome awaited him when he landed in Bombay in January 1915. Gandhiji had always a warm corner for Madras and the many Tamils who had made commom cause with him. He was never tired of praising their heroism and steadfast loyalty, and it was just like him to seek out the friends and relatives of these village. Hampdens—people in humble circumstances, living in remote villages, unknown, unheeded. He arrived in Madras one fine April evening accompanied by his wife. There, on the platform, was a strong contingent of leading citizens waiting with garlands to welcome them, and a great cheering crowd had gathered outside the station, waiting for darshan. Gandhiji, in those days, was not so sparsely dressed as now. He was wearing his whit

homespun, in true Gujarati fashion and his head was draped in a prodigious turban. The two alighted from a third class compartment, with a bundle of clothes as though they were no more than a family of poor peasants come to see the city from the interior. It was all so unlike what was expected of the hero of a hundred adventures in a far-away land. It was my privilege to be his host. In spite of all that we had read of him, we had no precise idea of the utter simplicity of his way of life. With due care and many consultations and anxious thought for his comforts, I had furnished his apartments in my office premises in Esplanade with what seemed to me the minimum requisites of decent accommodation—two cots, a cushion chair, a table and desk. When I showed him his rooms, he stood gazing for a while and then burst into a loud laugh. He asked for the removal of the cots and the rugs covering the floor and all furniture from Kasturbai's quarters. They preferred the bare unfurnished rooms—and not until these emblems of luxury were removed, would he make himself at home.

The citizens of Madras gathered to do honour to the Gandhis on their home-coming at a great demonstration held at the Victoria Public Hall on April 21. Dr. Sir Subramanya Ayyar prisided and I recollect reading an eloquent message from the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Madras, President of the Indian South African League, conveying his deep sympathy with the meeting to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi "who had carried on their noble struggle in South Africa on behalf of their fellow-countrymen and won their admiration for the courage, endurance, self-restraint and self-denial which they had displayed throughout that great struggle". As Secretary of the League, it fell to me to read the address which was couched in beautiful terms:

"In the ample roll of those that have served this common motherland of ours, few can rival and none excel you in the record of the things accomplished. . . .

You embody to the present generation, the godliness and profound wisdom of the saints. Mrs. Gandhi is to us the incarnation of wifely virtue, living in and for her husband and following him like a shadow in plenty and in poverty, in joy and in tribulation, at home, in goal, and on the march", etc.

Gandhiji's reply to the address was remarkable for its earnestness and simplicity. For the first time, we heard him speak on a public platfrom, he who has lived to sway hundreds of thousands of his countrymen by the magic of his presence and voice. There was no thunder in his eloquence, no passion nor demonstration in his utterances. The voice was even and the manner grave, and the words fell with simple grace and dignity. But there was something in the speech that went home to the hearts of the listeners as no finished oratory could do. And when he passed on to recount the exploits of the brave martyrs from Madras, the effect was tremendous. He said,

"Sir, if one-tenth of the language that has been used in this address is deserved by us, what language do you propose to use for those who have lost their lives, and therefore finished their work on behalf of your suffering countrymen in South Africa ? What language do you propose to use for Nagappan and Narayanaswamy, lads of seventeen or eighteen years, who braved in simple faith all the trials, all the sufferings, and all the indignities for the sake of the honour of the Motherland (cheers). What language do you propose to use with reference to Valliamma, that sweet girl of seventeen years who was discharged from Maritzburg prison, skin and bone, suffering from fever to which she succumbed after about a month's time ? (Cries of shame).

"It was the Madrasis who of all the Indians were singled out by the great Divinity that rules over us for this great work. Do you know that in the great city of Johannesburg, it is considered among the Madrasis to

find a single Madrasi dishonoured if he has not passed through the jails once or twice during this terrible crisis that your countrymen in South Africa went through during these eight long years ? You have said that I inspired these great men and women, but I cannot accept that proposition. It was they, the simple-minded folk, who worked away in faith, never expecting the slightest reward, who inspired me, who kept me to the proper level, and who compelled me by their great sacrifice, by their great faith, by their great trust in the great God to do the work that I was able to do (cheers). It is my misfortune that I and my wife have been obliged to work in the limelight, and you have magnified out of all proportion (cries of No, no !) this little work we have been able to do."

"They deserve the crown which you would seek to impose upon us," he continued :

"These young men deserve all the adjectives that you have so affectionately, but blindly, lavished upon us. It was not only the Hindus who struggled, but there were Mahommedans, Parsis and Christians, and almost every part of India was represented in the struggle. They realised the common danger, and they realised also what their destiny was as Indians. and it was they, and they alone, who matched the soul-force against the physical force." (Loud applause).

It was a new experience for Madras. The words were few, but thrilled us through and through. There was not much in the manner, but a great deal in the matter of his speeches. He seldom repeated second-hand opinions and his views on every subject were refreshingly original. Whether he spoke in denunciation of anarchical crimes or on loyalty to the British Raj, there was always something out of the common, and the attractive turn he gave to his thoughts was a perpetual surprise to his audience. He

brought a fresh mind to play upon the problem of the old country and his solutions were a continual surprise. "As a passive resister," he said, proposing the toast of 'British Empire' at the Madras Law Dinner at which I happened to be present, "I discovered that a passive resister has to make good his claim to passive resistance, no matter under what circumstance he finds himself, and I discovered that the British Empire had certain ideals with which I have fallen in love, and one of those ideals is that every subject of the British Empire has the freest scope possible for his energies and honour, and whatever he thinks is due to his conscience. I think that this is true of the British Empire, as it is not true of any other Government (Applause). I feel, as you here perhaps know, that I am no lover of any Government and I have more than once said that Government is best which governs least. And I have found that it is possible for me to be governed least under the British Empire. Hence my loyalty to the British Empire" (loud Applause).

But I must pass on to an yet more interesting phase of his sojourn in Madras. While staying with me in my house in Thumbu Chetty Street, he brought with him one day a panchama boy whom he called Naicker. Now, with all our sympathy for the untouchables and our earnest desire to improve their lot, with all our academic advocacy of equality, we are not always equal to the task of actually absorbing a panchama into our household. But with Gandhiji action must correspond with aspiration and utterance. And so, all unconscious of the novelty of his act, Gandhiji took the panchama boy right into our house, whose inmates, including my old mother—rigidly orthodox in their way of life—were horrified by the "desecration". Only a couple of years before, I had presided over a Depressed Classes Conference in Madras and condemned strongly the treatment meted out by the higher classes to the untouchables. Gandhiji had read my speech and must have

naturally concluded there could be no difficulty in bringing the boy into my household. Frankly, I was in a fix—respect for Gandhiji and his opinions pitted against my affectionate regard for the susceptibilities of my old mother ! The situation was truly ironic. Gandhiji, realising the queer posture of affairs, set about in his own quiet and effective way to deal with it. The opportunity presented itsalf when Naicker fell ill and hour by hour Gandhiji was to be seen sitting by the side of the patient and nursing him back to health. This quiet action was more elopuent than any amount of preaching, and I discovered that old mother was steadily reconciling herselt to the new situation. The transformation was wrought almost silently and Gandhiji referred to it in one of his letters to me:

"You saw how nobly she behaved over Naicker. You doubted your ability to carry her with you. It is a habit to which we reformers have fallen—never to think of beginning with our own homes. We now find it difficult to mend ourselves."

I think such experiences were at the back of his mind when he made the then sensational speech on Brahmins and Panchamas at Mayavaram. He uttered some hometruths in that centre of orthodoxy, which provoked a bitter controversy. But on the question of untouchables there could be no compromise. We know how, locked up in Yeravda jail, he began to combat the forces of reaction in the country in his own spiritual way. Like the saints of mediæval India, Gandhiji gave pathetic expression to the deep-moving cry :

"I do not desire to be born again, but if I am really born again, I desire to be born amidst the untouchables, so as to share their difficulties and to work for their liberation."

That has been his consistent position. The ban against untouchability is one of the cardinal points the *Satyagraha* pledge as of the conditions of

Swaraj. But a leader of Gandhiji's type could not be content with mere declarations of faith or eloquent expositions of principles.

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Some incidents of equal significance linger in my memory after the lapse of so many years. I remember accompanying him to the house of the great patriot and journalist Mr. G. Subrahmanya Ayyar, who, in spite of a dire disease and much suffering, continued to do his bit for the country. Mr. Ayyar expressed the country's pride in Gandhiji's doings and referred mournfully to his own lot—as one disabled by a gruesome disease to be of any use to the country. He burst into tears as he lamented his helpless condition. Gandhiji consoled him by saying that he had done great work for the country and there was no cause for lament. So saying, he began at once to wipe off his sores with the end of his garment. I and the friend Mr. (now the Rt. Hon. Dr.) Sastri who witnessed this extraordinary scene, were deeply moved.

I must say a word about the way Gandhiji has brought up his boys. Never believing in the efficacy of present-day education, he kept his sons free from any such 'taint.' Gandhiji, with all his endless occupations, undertook to teach his sons himself. Devadas, now holding a responsible position in the world of journalism, has had no school or college learning, but was content to be self-taught. Serving his great father under the same roof is a liberal education in itself. In his case at any rate, it is fully justified. I remember Gandhiji sending Devadas to Madras to stay with me to do propaganda for Hindi in 1918. "I do not want him to be with a Gujarāti family", he wrote. "He has to learn Tamil and teach Hindi". That is the Gandhi way of education. Devadas should take care of himself. If he fell ill, it

was his fault. Once, on hearing of his illness in my house, he wrote to me :

"I had hoped that Devadas would not behave quite so indecently as to fall ill."

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I recollect also an incident connected with another son of his—Manilal, his second son (now editor, *Indian Opinion*, South Africa), was an inmate of the Satyagraha Ashram, which Gandhiji had founded. As an Ashramite he was bound by the rules of the ashram. Now the rules forbade the owning of private property. It would appear that Manilal had a small balance in the Savings Bank before he joined the ashram. A brother of his, who was away, wrote to Manilal for some money and the latter, with the double object of helping his brother and disposing of that unauthorised money, withdrew it from the bank and sent it away to him. In due course, the receipt came to the Ashram—and to Gandhiji's hands. That a son of his should so far forget the discipline of the Ashram as to be guilty of owning private money to be used at his pleasure, was to Gandhiji's mind a crime which should be expiated by proper penance. Notwithstanding the boy's explanation and his mother's pleading, Gandhiji insisted on sending him out of the Ashram.

This was revealed to me by Manilal when one night he turned up at my residence in George Town and presented his father's letter, in which, among other things, Gandhiji had stated that Manilal should be subjected to severe discipline and should be made to cook his own food and learn spinning.

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Yet another incident, which I can never forget. During their stay in Madras, I found Mrs. Gandhi n a disconcerted mood on more than one occasion. iI brought this matter to the notice of Gandhiji. He

did not pause for a reply, but forthwith told me that it was of her own making. "She wants me to give her money for buying costly clothes for her grand-children". I jocularly observed that he was a cruel husband. Quick came Gandhiji's retort: "Look here, you are hard on me; it is a question of my forsaking my principles if I begin to yield to her wishes in these and other matters. She knows full well my views and is quite acquainted with my way of living. I have more than once implored her to live away from me and save herself from the discomforts and live happily with her children. But she would not. She, like the faithful Hindu wife, insists on following me wherever I go". That is just like Gandhiji the disciplinarian for all his habitual tenderness.

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Another incident which I recall is Dr. Besant's invitation to Gandhiji to visit her headquarters at Adyar. We were received on the beautiful grounds of the Theosophical Society and entertained with gracious courtesy and charm. Gandhiji had the highest respect and admiration for the venerable lady who had so completely dedicated her life to the service of the country. Dr. Besant conducted the distinguished guest through the splendid hall and the well-furnished apartments and then led us on to an unpretentious shed in the neighbourhood which was the school for the Untouchables. Now, Dr. Besant was in a sense, a pioneer in the matter of affording facilities for the education of the Panchamas. But to Gandhiji, the contrast between the palatial residence for one set of people and the mean quarters for another was too much to be tolerated.

He felt it so poignantly that he decided on changing the programme for staying there for the night and insisted on returning to his quarters in George Town I remonstrated with him and pointed out, among

other things, that it would cause deep pain to Dr. Besant and that she would be seriously annoyed with me also. But all this was in vain. Gandhiji was firm in his decision. Late in the night, he bade adieu to the quarters in Adyar.

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I have always thought that one of the most beautiful friendships of our time was that between Gokhale and Gandhiji. Gokhale was only three years his senior; yet, Gandhiji always regarded him as his political Guru, and in spite of obvious differences in temperament and outlook, they continued to hold each other in the highest esteem. It was beautiful to observe the way they refused to see anything but the best in each other. To Gandhiji, "Gokhale was the gallant and selfless paladin to whom the whole of India looked up as her noblest son". Gokhale's reaction to Gandhiji was characteristic: "Only those who have come in personal contact with Gandhi as he is now can realise the wonderful personality of the man," said Gokhale. "He is without doubt made of the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made. "In all my life", he went on to add;

"I have known only two men who have affected me spiritually in the manner that Mr. Gandhi does—our great patriarch Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji and my late master Mr. Ranade—men before whom not only are we ashamed of doing anything unworthy, but in whose presence our very minds are afraid of thinking anything that is unworthy."

That is high praise but not a bit over-drawn. But Gokhale had a shrewd suspicion that Gandhiji, owing to long absence from India, had perhaps idealised certain phases of Indian life, and he commended a year's travel and observation as a useful corrective—advice which was scrupulously followed. Gokhale, who perhaps hoped to see him as his suc-

cessor at the head of the Servants of India Society, was evidently disturbed by the very advanced views which Gandhiji had expressed in the then proscribed pamphlet *Hind Swaraj*. Though at bottom the two leaders were one in their passion for service to their country and their ascetic devotion to duty, it was clear that the way of the constitutionalist brought up on the pure milk of British liberalism was not exactly the way of the downright revolutionary who had drawn his inspiration from Tolstoy and Thoreau. Gandhiji sensed the feeling of the members, and decided not to embarrass them. With a delicacy and magnanimity all his own, he refrained from joining an organization which at his time of life and with settled views, he was bound to affect rather than be affected by it. In 1920, a similar problem confronted him in connection with the Home Rule League, and he frankly sought the advice of friends in these terms :

"They have asked me to join the All-India Home Rule League, I have told them that at my time of life and with views firmly formed on several matters. I could only join an organisation to affect its policy and not to be affected by it. This does not mean that I would not now have an open mind to receive new light. I simply wish to emphasise the fact that any new light will have to be specially dazzling in order to entrance me."

What wonder then the Congress, which he joined ultimately, is now so completely affected by his teachings that it may well be called Gandhi Congress. Congress and Gandhi have become synonymous.

Speaking of the transformation which the Congress has undergone since Gandhiji joined it, I may mention the talk I once had with him. He used to attend regularly the Subjects Committee meetings at every session of the Congress, but sit almost mute. I asked him : " How is it you are mum and take no

part in the deliberations of these Committees?" His answer is still ringing in my ears. "Frankly, Natesan, these gatherings and discussions make no appeal to me. It is all between the intellectuals and the so-called educated people. I find in the organization little or no appeal to the masses. If the Congress is to be what it ought to be, something must be done to enable it to touch the hearts of the masses and a new and dynamic force should be brought into play." Every one knows how fully this has been realised since Gandhiji joined the Congress. He introduced the system of four-anna membership and the Congress sessions being held in remote rural areas, with facilities for the masses to attend in large numbers. Thus only could the imagination of the people by roused.

And though he had differences with Dr. Besant, he used to speak in glowing terms to me of the way she had galvanised the country into activity by her Home Rule League orgnaisation.

These and many other incidents crowd into my memory ; but I must stop at this stage and try to bring these rambling reminiscences to a close.

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Thirty years have passed by since Gandhiji left South Africa after concluding a settlement with Gen. Smuts. It was by no means the end of all troubles. Year after year fresh troubles were brewing and our nationals, still sustained by Gandhiji's inspiration, have met the situation with the same dignity and firmness. Gandhiji and in fact every one knew it could only be a partial settlement and yet we had to make the best of a bad job. Attempts to segregate Indians, and legislation incited by racial intolerance have threatened our countrymen from time to time. But they have all been met with the same old courage and determination. Even a world war of this magnitude in which Indians and South Africans have fought shoulder to shoulder with Bitishers has made, little difference in

the attitude of the white settlers to Indians. Gen. Smuts, who has known Gandhi so well and fought and negotiated with him, is now the supreme head of the South African Government. He too succumbs to the exigencies of the general election and gives to party what is meant for the world. Witness his countenancing a legislation so barefacedly iniquitous as the Pegging Act that has provoked such a storm in recent months. Instead of downright refusal as becomes a leader of his status and character, he merely postpones consideration, and then in meanwhile gives his sanction to manouvers to circumvent the situation. What are Enquiry Commissions and Licensing Boards but tactical steps to get over an awkward predicament ? I recall in this connection, Gandhiji's prophetic words addressed to me in a letter dated Tolstoy Farm, 31st May 1911, soon after the Gandhi-Smuts agreement. He wrote :

"The settlement has gone beyond our expectations. We did not expect to be able to save individual rights. These have now been fully protected. *But we are by no means out of the wood.* Gen. Smuts has to translate his promises into legislation. This, however, there is little doubt, w'll be done, unless Gen. Smuts has no regard whatever for his reputation. *The danger therefore lies not in the likelihood of his breaking his promise, but in his passing other legislation affecting adversely the position of domiciled Indians.*"

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The fact is, as Gandhiji now realises, and has so often said to his compatriots in South Africa, only a free India could be of real and effective service to her nationals abroad. More and more the conviction is forced upon us that so long as the mother country is not free, so long must our countrymen beyond be prepared to suffer all indignities and humiliation. The freedom of India is therefore rhe first step in maintaining our rights abroad.

That brings me to a consideration of the most momentous of our problems—the freedom movement in this country, which is also the last and greatest of Gandhiji's struggles. This is no place to discuss this great thesis in the abstract. The problem of Gandhi is ultimately the problem of *Swaraj*. There is no shirking it. Mischievous and malignant propaganda against a great and good man can do no good. They may have some temporary or initial advantage but in the end will prove no better than Goebbel's fables. The silly talk about Gandhiji being pro-Japanese or a fifth columnist was silenced by no less an authority than Field Marshal Smuts. In a Press Conference in London, the South African statseman took upon himself to make it clear beyond doubt that, "it is sheer nonsense to talk of Gandhi as a 'Fifth Columnist.' He is a great man. He is one of the great men of the world and he is the last person to be placed in that category. He is dominated by high spiritual ideals. Whether those ideals are always practicable in our difficult world is another question.

"We are all friends of the British" wrote Gandhiji in one of his letters to H. E. Lord Wavell only the other day from his place of detention in the Aga Khan's palace :

"We are all friends of the British however much we may criticise the British Government and system in India. If you can but trust, you will find us to be the greatest helpers in the fight against Nazism, Fascism, Japanism and the like."

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One of the most singular characteristics of Gandhiji is his freedom from malice. Gandhiji has suffered much, not all the trials and imprisonments could embitter him. He could harbour no ill-will, least of all against Englishmen. "What has impressed me most", said Mr. Andrews, has been his unlimited patience. Even now, when he has again been impri-

soned by the present rulers of the British Empire, who have charge of Indian affairs, he has not despaired of the British Empire itself. According to his own opinion, it is these rulers themselves who have been untrue to the underlying principle of that Empire.

Another is his habitual tolerance of opinions not always shared by him. He stuck to his guns with a strange consistency not easily understood by his friends or colleagues but he never questioned the right of others to hold their own. Through all the vicissitudes of an extraordinary public career, many who were with him had to part company with him owing to clash of convictions. Some of his old colleagues have joined opposing camps. But nothing could shake the cordiality of his relations with them. For my own part I have never concealed my lack of faith in certain aspects of his teaching or his public policy. But that could in no way affect his undeviating affection for an old friend. Even during his short visits to Madras and in the midst of crowded engagements he would make time to visit his " old home" as he used to describe my bouse. Gandhiji would think the less of any one who would compromise his opinions merely out of regard for him. Thus time and again I have taken the liberty to remonstrate with him against certain courses in public affairs in respect of which I could not see eye to eye with him, When in May 1940 I ventured to criticise his war views and implored him to revise his attitude to Congress participation in war he took it in the friendliest spirit and wrote back to say, more in sorrow than in anger :

"What more can India as a subject country do than it is made to do ? . . . The Congress has nothing but moral help, to give. They have disabled India from doing more. India as a subject country cannot save Britain. India as a free country may."

—Indian Review—

MAHATMA GANDHI AT AMRITSAR.

BY

C. F. ANDREWS.

> **Gandhi is the great soul, the *Mahatma* of our day, the youthful prophet of a regenerated society, of a world yet to be born, a world already, if we also will but do our part, in its birth throes.**
>
> *Stephen Hobhouse.*

Yesterday, November 4th at Amritsar, with Mahatma Gandhi, was one of the most remarkable days that I have ever spent in India. It revealed, in a light I had not seen before, the psychology of the Indian crowd during a time of intense devotional fevour and excitement. The procession through the city, which occupied altogether nearly five hours, was altogether transformed by the multitude into a religious ceremony. No one had instructed them. From first to last, it was spontaneous, in the fullest sense of the word. The thoughts of the crowd, of their own accord, turned to religion, as the one medium through which adequately to express their feelings. The acts of the crowds were the acts of religion ; the devotion of the people was the devotion of religion.

In all the varied scenes, throughout the day, the women of Amritsar were, if anything, more prominent than the men. They crowded the balconies and windows and housestops to overflowing in order to perform their act of Darshan. They came out of their seclusion to rejoice and worship in a manner which only a great religious festival could evoke. And, on this occasion, the hearts of the Musalman women were beating in unison with those of their Hindu sisters. Of the significance of that fact there could be no doubt whatever. The whole city was one.

I was not able actually to join in the procession, as it went slowly through the city. But I saw, just beforehand, the streets along which the procession was to pass. The women, with their little children, were at every window, and behind very lattice, straining their eyes to obtain the first sight of the coming event. What was so deeply moving to behold was the look of patient endurance which marked most of the faces, the prematurely old look which so many of them bore. There was a brightening eager expectation that morning; but there was also a sorrow, tragically deep, behind it. These women and these children had recently seen things that could never be forgotten.

Many weeks ago, when I first came up to the Punjab, I had passed down those same streets; at a time when the fear caused by Martial Law and Punitive Police was still fresh in people's minds. I had noticed, then, the sullen gloom upon the faces of the crowd. This one strongly marked feature of cowed submission, everywhere present, had struck me more and more each time I had passed up and down the various quarters of the city.

There was story told me, which was vouched for as true, and I could never forget it, how, some months after the firing in Jallianwala Bagh, a group of shop-keepers and others had been seated quietly listening to a famous reciter of the Ramayana, when some one jumped up and called out, "They have come." These were the very words which had been uttered when the Gurkhas came with loaded rifles into the Bagh. In a moment, the different members of the Ramayana audieence fled in all directions leaving the reciter alone.

In those days, when I first came to Amritsar it was not at all difficult to understand that incident. I have seen with my own eyes just such sudden rush of panic. I have seen also the police, at every corner, dominating the city. I have watched the long lines of

cavalry patrolling the streets. I have understood from the lips of many witnesses, the terror which those forces inspired.

And this terror had not been merely the natural awe, inspired by an imposing military demonstration. It had entered every nook and corner. For each shop-keeper knew perfectly well, that, if the agent or broker of even an ordinary policeman came round, with his repeated cry of ' give ' there would be nothing else to do but to give, at once, whatever was demanded. This petty daily tyranny had broken the heart of the common people.

I was present in Delhi, last April, during the days when the Hartal had just ended. My memory is still vivid concerning what we then ; used to call, while speaking to one another about it : "The Looting of Delhi." That period of police extortion in Delhi was soon brought to aa end, because the military were speedily withdrawn and Martial Law was never declared. But in Amritsar, after the firing in the Bagh had made the propulace an easy prey, the same 'looting' had gone on, not only for weeks, but for months. The people's power of passive resistance had been crushed. Day after day, the silent pressure of these unseen forces of police anarchy had been at work and the bazars had been forced into submission. I am speaking the facts, which are well known in every lane and street of Amritsar.

But the coming of Mahatma Gandhi has effectually broken this evil spell, and not a day too soon. The police can never be given such a hold over the people fresh after his entry, by the unarmed assault of peace, into their very citadel of power. Indeed his victory has been so great that it has extended over the police themselves. For the joyfull news was spread from street to street, that the police were joining with the multitude on that day of universal rejoicing.

He came, he saw, he conquered, not as imperial Caesar did, by the might of his armed legions, but by that peaceful force of the divine soul in man, wherein alone Mahatma Gandhi puts his trust.

I had thought that the long morning triumphal procession of tumultuous rejoicing, by which the pent up feelings of many months of anguish were transformed in a few short hours into joy was one of the crowning act of that eventful day. But I was mistaken. There was an act to follow that was supreme. All through the long afternoon the women of Amritsar with their little children came in their thousands to offer their hearts' devotion. This was the last act in the whole ; and it was the most significant of all.

As he, to whom these women gave their loving worship, stood among them in his great simplicity, clad in white home-spun garments, I could silently understand why it is the spiritual in man that alone can satisfy the heart of this Motherland. [An aticle written on November 5, 1919].

MAHATMA GANDHI : A TRIBUTE OF NO IMPORTANCE

BY

RAMMANOHAR LOHIA

He shines not alone as the foremost spirit of India, but as an inspiration to all generous humankind. He has behind him a long record of suffering and struggle, of strenuous prayer and many fasts.

Carl Heath.

I was only too willing to sit at his feet and yet there was hardly any direction in the conduct of life that I would have wished to accept from him. This dualism was disconcerting and, often, greatly disturbing to a restful state of mind. But I skated away from it instead of attempting to solve it. I thought that I was willing to respect Gandhiji because of his past achievements which had awakened the nation. But the pattern of political behaviour which he was trying to lay down conflicted, I thought, with what I had come to look upon as necessary social and political action. Such thinking was neither rational nor satisfying, but it was just enough to let me pass on to the next problem.

I share the fault of my generation to show disrespect to tradition if it smells of decay. If Mahatmaji's use lay only in the past, he could surely not have aroused in me the mixed feelings of respect and non-acceptance. The reason for it existed somewhere, or, else, the dualism would have ceased to be. In a vague way I must have been aware that Mahatma Gandhi was not a national leader in the limited sense. His achievement went, I must have felt, beyond the needs of Indian freedom to the essential needs of mankind and his way of action answered some of these more adequately than any other way.

This was four years ago. The world has since then been advancing to sheer peaks of weapon-storing. The peoples of the world have diverted a rapidly mounting share of their energies from the industries of health to those of death. This conduct would have caused me great worry but no second thought of it had been confined to imperialists and fascists who had violated or were preparing to violate anew the freedom of the world. That the use of deadly weapons increasingly became also the hope of freeiom was a matter of disturbing concern. It was little relief to be told that freedom if not equally deadly armed had no chance against tyranny ; the bankruptcy was there all the same though there was perhaps a good reason for it. Wars came upon wais during these four years and even such men as hated wars ceased more and more to rely on the initiative of the peoples to save the peace of the world and eagerly expected their governments to wage the war to end all wars. Hope in peace became faith in war and the plea that other means of fighting tyranny were not available was a sad commentary on the way of the world. From the country where democratic effort had reached an exampled heights some sordid tales of lapses in the democratie method. Whoever was to blame, executions by the hundred of erstwhile builders of the new society was too heavy a price to pay and it was reverent to ask if communism could not develop a more humane technique. In addition to the impact of these oversea happenings, my best friend persuaded me to study Gandhiji's ideas and actions more truthfully than I had hitherto done. There were also critics of Gandhiji and our colleagues who resorted to distortions and misstatements, perhaps unconscious, to defend their own way of action and that would have produced a healthy reaction in any averagely honest person.

I arrived tentatively at the thought that Mahatma Gandhi is the effort of history to establish equal

supremacy of the means with the end. Whatever the end he has sought and the means that he has employed, Mahatama Gandhi is the directing finger to all such who aspire for a social end to act in a scrupulous and selective way.

I did not understand the implications of this reasoning all atonce. At first, I took Gandhiji for a far-away star that shone with the pure beauty of an ideal that would yet take some centuries to shed light on life. Mahatma Gandhi appeared to be an amendment and not a substantive proposition. Life and society were there with all their almost inevitable laws of movement, with their high-voltage clash of interests and ensuing wars and revolutions and the coarsening of all men selfless and selfish, and what chance had Mahatma Gandhi against them. He appeared to be an island of balanced and sage action in the midst of an ocean of turbulent love and hate, an island soon to be submerged. Gandhiji did not look like the substantive ideal, the ideal that men follow, but the regretful ideal, the ideal that works itself out in a series of after-thoughts in the course of centuries.

That Gandhiji was an amendment and not a proposition was too bright an idea and I was aware of its deceptiveness. Have not all moulders of mankind, intuitive or scientific, been in a way amendments? And it was no use denying that Gandhiji was a moulder of India. He is no mere founder of a sect that lives in secluded holiness but the mover of millions who have begun secluding their unholiness from their lives.

Mahatma Gandhi is the executor of a strange new ideal but no purist and that is why he is no mere amendment. He has not ceased to act when there has been such adulteration of his ideal in action as was unavoidable. He has not sidestepped life but swayed it, because, even in his overpowering desire to direct

ideally, he has been willing, however unwillingly, to make concessions.

Mahatma Gandhi has stood for the convertibility of means and end. There are many who ridicule this ideal, because it makes to them either no meaning at all or a bad meaning. If an end is good, all means which may attain it must be good, they say. I do not object to this argument and yet I repeat that selective and scrupulous means are as important as the end. It is difficult to see where the contradiction between these two approaches lies, unless one were to interpret an end in a narrow and limited sense. Any social end is not a general single-stranded something but an object with many aspects and angles. It is not like a goal-post for which one may run but a tree one has to plant and nurture whose trunk is mixed up with a multitude of branches and twigs. A social end must always be understood not only in its general broadness but also in its many aspects and thus alone can it be adequately worked for and realised. For such an understanding of the end, the theory of the supremacy of means is of most valuable assistance. Means employed go to form the broad trunk and the many branches of the end sought. Mahatma Gandhi has given this teaching an unforgettable place in the scheme of life. The greatest single principle he has taught through action is that injustice can be fought and removed by non-violent resistance and that violence is not a very skilful midwife of the new society.

The universal essence in his teachings and action has actually been worked out by Mahatma Gandhi and I may repeat that it has had to be adulterated in the process. Adulteration to a minimum unavoidable extent gives to political action the universality of the mass, while purity degenerates into the particularity of the sect. It is, therefore, unwise to sniff at adulteration ; one may only enquire into its character and

its extent which may be legitimate or otherwise. It arises out of the inadequacies both of society and of the great teacher. I do not have to prove the inadequacies of society; Mahatma Gandhi has to work with the available human material with all its virtues and faults. I may appear irreverant if I question the adequacy of Gandhiji, but nobody, I hope, will suggest that any specific programme of objectives and action is unalterable for all time.

Everyman must bear his own Cross. Some men are conscious of this fruitful loneliness, while others are not, but all of them including the apparently most devoted disciples of any great teacher must walk their own way even when in a single line. The directing fingers of history will no doubt guide them. Mahatma Gandhi is among the directing fingers of history.—(*An article written in October* 1939)

MAHATMA GANDHI AND THE MODERN WORLD

BY

AMIYA CHAKRAVARTY

> For Gandhi there is no religion apart from human activity. Though in the present circumstances of India Gandhi happens to be a political revolutionary who refuses to accept tyranny or acquiesce in slavery, he is far from the uncompromising type of revolutionary whose abstractions force men into unnatural and inhuman shapes. In the acid test of experience he remains, not a politician or a reformer, not a philosopher or a moralist, but some-one composed of them all, an essentially religious person endowed with the highest and most human qualities and made more lovable by the consciousness of his own limitations and by an unfailing sense of humour.
>
> *Sir S. Radhakrishnan.*

A modern pilgrimage along the road from Wardha station to Sevagram comes back to my mind. There was a squall then and drenching rain; it was heavy going for even a trained trekker. A long walk through mud lanes and fields of green corn brought you to a cottage where the world seemed to stand still. You know that Mahatma Gandhi lived there. This end-of-the world feeling, this infinitude of living peace seemed to contradict the knowledge that here also was the centre of power and of world moving events. Entering the mud hut you would find Mahatma Gandhi at work. Sitting quietly on the floor he was in his usual state of intense activity writing, reading, dictating and directing a thousand things which ranged from local problems to great movement which had the entire India, and beyond, as their stage. Immersed in exacting details, and in the shaping of great ideas, he would yet look at you

with profound peace, a merry twinkle in his eyes would betray a heart filled with love.

This has been the experience of countless pilgrims from far and near. The baffled visitor, Western or Eastern, would again notice the setting of the remote village where nothing seemed to happen, he would look at the great sky and the fileds and the small farms or at the friendly trees and wonder how a few unhurried words emanating from the hut would instantly become a moral command widening its rang of repercussions in a myriad lives and events. Powerful nations would be rocked by the impact of those words and the peoples practically all over the globe would come to feel their benedictory and irresistible strength. The background of a dark cataclysmic age would make them shine with unique splendour.

What was the force that lay behind the words? It was Mahatma Gandhi himself. He stood behind each idea, each word and each implied deed. His stupendous character gave a sanction to what he said and did which cannot be measured by any national or inter-national rod devised for assessing power. A sentence scribed in pencil on the back of an used envelope would move round the world with the authentic force of realised human truth.

We have to pause and think of world power and internationalism in the context of these considerations. Mahatma Gandhi has been and is the source of a new dynamism in world affairs. He is changing our thoughts, guiding our actions, raising problems and altering the basis of our individual and collective lives. But there is no official or military power behind him, nor any of the usual methods of wielding authority. He can use the resources of human power because of his humanity. There lies the secret open for all but those who would have internationalism through diplomacy and adjust human relationships by the force of arms.

Mahatma Gandhi's contribution to international thought primarily is the gift of himself to all peoples.

He is there always and utterly in his words, actions and thoughts. For any fundamental social development, for any real change in world government, there must be, at the centre, this inspiration of self-dedication for the good of all peoples. Not merely intellectual or emotional personalities, but men who represent our complete human-hood have to take the lead in different spheres of work. Contact between such persons and the people would inevitably develop into a mutual and strengthening power, laying the foundation of equity and justice in a new social and political order. This is a revolutionary change which does not depend on gun powder and such changes have taken place in history because of the unshakable strength of great characters who have imparted their faith and courage to their fellow beings, and awakened their profoundest human instincts. To expect human progress while ignoring humanity and deliberately repressing our natural urge for welfare, is to perpetuate a cycle of scientific reprisals and narrow power-cults which are often hidden under tall names. Societies dependent on wars, or on violent peace use doctrines of self-preservation and indulge in all round mutual destruction. Here we have to come back again to the individual unit, the human being who is always forgotten in narrow politics and in war-making schemes but who possesses a natural reserve of social sense. This reserve is seldom drawn upon by our political systems. We have also to trust men of exceptional worth, giving them power which they would use for raising the level of man's living. This is not revivalism in the shape of worship of personalities however great but on the contrary, a modern approach which demands an accurate sense of values and must, therefore, reckon with human worth. Our scientific sense of fact does not exclude the fact that desire for good neighbourliness is a common trait in

man, and that it can be developed. Internationalism depends on this fact and not on abstract theories of power-politics which result in profound injury to the human race.

But Gandhiji has given us the right perspective, and a new sense of proportion. He has made us aware of the true basis of internationalism.

These primary truths of our human life together have been reaffirmed by Mahatma Gandhi and he has also evolved methods whereby great truths could be applied in social and political organisations. The process of attaining self-knowledge, of the gaining of experience regarding our common humanity, of supplying them in organised movements in the direction of human good, is covered by what Gandhiji would call Satyagraha.

All great religions, and great institutions of human welfare have been based on the ideals represented by 'Satyagraha' which would enjoin the service of truth through purity in the methods of work. But, with rare exceptions, the ideal of Satyagraha had not been tested and applied in previous times on a wide field of action, either in peace or in war. Gandhiji has drawn the world's attention to the power of 'S tyagraha' by his sustained. united, and many-sided use of this moral weapon. His own system of training and use has been shaped on a large basis of individual and corporate living, and on more precise and searching levels than ever before. To the sphere of action would belong the various imperative resistance, and non-co-operation (with evil) while the inner process would include sell-purification, the spirit of dedicated service, and the sense of our divine humanity. But those terms often belong to both action and thought and might mislead if the whole background of 'Satyagarha' is not grasped.

European thought has been profoundly moved by the challenge offered by Ghandiji's 'Satagraha.'

His method has confirmed the indivisible unity of our spiritual life and our material existence. They cannot be kept apart in any domain of our life without grievous injury. The implications of Gandhiji's challenge even if they have not been clearly understood, have already shaken the complacency of those who would use means which must violate every moral instinct and who would plead for an ideal life in which so called religion and the pursuit of anti-social ends could go together. Gandhiji's 'Satyagraha' is uncompromising, either it involves our whole life, or it is not 'Satyagraha' at all. He has no place for "necessary evil, not even for a transitory period. 'Sataygraha' cannot be practised on any basis but that of our common good, of our "total" humanity. In every country we still follow a confused system of uncomfortable loyalties which contradict each other, we imagine that the ideal and the system by which that ideal is to be attained could be separated without complete disaster. But to the West this conlusion has been given a pseudo-scientific justification and buttressed by mighty guns. Westerners, educated on modern lines, find it difficult perhaps, to see through the smoke screen of moral compromise and of the polite, expert creed of selfishness which is ruthlessly pursued in the name of politics. And then, at one of the most critical periods of modern history Gandhiji's figure loomed large in the horizon. The world had to reckon with a new force in affairs. We stood exposed in the light of a great leader who demanded from us the same purity in thought and in action.

And we saw that the person who demaded this was a great and simple man; that he lived what he believed, and knew all men as his own.

No eruditional effort could possibly disclose the extent to which Mahatma Gandhi's ideas and action have influenced Western thought. We live in a segment of time in which his life continues to move

and inspire millions of men, and we realise that this inspiration is largely a pervasive force in the modern world which will result in actions unforeseen. Mahatma Gandhi is with us; and he is still growing, as the greatest of men do; his undiminished vitality daily reveals itself in words more charged with light and power than ever before. Romain Rolland, Aldous Huxley, Richard Gregg and other Western thinkers have interpreted some aspects of Mahatma Gandhi's life and work, and given as valuable indications as to the profound modifications that his words have brought about in Western thought. But Europe has been and is still warring; one feels also that really great events impend. It is possible that we shall have an opportunity of watching in Europe, the large-scale results of Gandhiji's teachings sooner than we can now realise. The peoples of the West had already responded in many places to Gandhiji's 'Satyagraha' by initiating new methods used by the trade-unionists and others gained more than they lost by renouncing violence and by accepting methods of organised non-violence. It had become abundantly clear that the principles and methods of 'Satyagraha' could be fitted into any sphere of action in which organised evil had to be met by organised good.

But can we 'organise' good? And if so, is it possible for us to do this without once more laying stress on Gandhiji's primary demand for recognition of the individual? Humanity for him, is dependent on the individual human being and not on any machinery or spstem. But he would also organise as he has done after making sure, so far as it is possible, that the individual is true 'Satyagrahi' here, reaches a point which can be clarified only with practice and with the urgency of tranquil, vigilant thought. The apparant contradiction, which Western thinkers have sometimes found baffling lay in reconciling the need of inward and individual purification with the equally pressing need fot working together in large numbers

in movements and organisations which invariably tend to level down instead of levelling upward.

Here I would, if I may, share parts of a recent letter from Mahatma Gandhi around which these very inadequate reflections have been built. He touches the core of the problem which thinkers in the West and also in India have been trying to solve the problem of harmonising the actional and the meditational aspects of truthful living without any deviation from purity whether in the field of politics, or in any other realm of social behaviour. The ultimate solution at this problem would show us a way out of war and the jungle of national and international violence which emanate from the cultivation of dual principle, enabling us to use one set of morals or another according to the dictates of expediency. Democracy of home and imperialism abroad; individual kindness and collective cruelty; the use of prayers for evenging greed.—such instances could be multiplied indefinitely. Gandhiji has replied, in his characteristic manner, that he does not know the answer, but is still experimenting, but he throws light on the need of organising for good and also insists that the individual must be pure so that he can act as "the leaven raising the whole mass".

"Of course there must be organised resistance to organised evil. The difficulty arises when the organisers of "Satyagraha" try to imitate the organisers of evil, I triend and failed hopelessly. The way of organising forces of good must be opposite to the evil way. What it exactly is I do not yet know full. I feel that it lies, as far as may be, through perfection of indiuiduals. It then acts as the leaven raising the whole mass, But I am still groping."

TWO WOMEN DISCIPLES OF GANDHIJI.

BY

T. L. GOODMAN

Few men, if any, in my generation have commanded so great a following, have so changed the course of events, and so influenced thought in more than one continent than Mr. Gandhi.

Lionel Curtis.

Among the most remarkable personalities at Simla during the period of the Viceroy's recent conference of Indian political leaders was Miraben—one of Mr. Gandhi's most ardent disciples, whose work has made her famed throughout India, writes T. L. Goodman in " Sydney Morning Herald. "

Miraben is really Miss Madeline Slade, the daughter of a British Admiral. She forsook western life to work for Mr. Gandhi and has been associated with him for over 20 years.

It was Mr. Gandhi who bestowed the name of Miraben (a model Hindu woman) on this extraordinary woman and it is as Miraben that she is known in India. At Simla she stayed at a cottage near the large house where Mr. Gandhi was a guest. She paid frequent visits to the Mahatma (Great Soul)

Mr. Gandhi's travelling retinue and his field workers in his community at Sevagram near Wardha, in central India, usually include several women. His hostess at Simla was Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, and also in attendance was a young woman doctor, who is the sister of Pyarelal, Gandhi's private Secretary.

As a young woman Miss Slade met Mr. Gandhi in Switzerland, where the Mahatma was recuperating

after an illness. She read a book of his life, and then she realised that her own life's work also lay in India. So, as Miraben, she led an existence of absolute austerity. She spent many years as one of Mr. Gandhi's closest followers, both in his community and on various tours; she shaved her head in the manner of a Hindi widow and in peasant dress worked among the backward and distressed village womed in many remote parts of India. She has now established her own ashram (community) in the United Provinces, in Northern India, where she is carrying on Gandhi's work.

She has more than once been imprisoned for supporting Gandhi's political cause. In 1931, she accompanied the Mahatma to London, where he attended the Round Table Conference. In 1935 she revisited England to see relatives (her parents were dead), and also went to the United States for a brief series of lectures.

Miraben, who is tall and reserved, has a deep sun tan, but her grey hair is now worn long, and she speaks the English of an educated woman. She has mastered native dialects. She still wears Indian costume, but she recently discarded the sari in favour of the pyjama trousers, which, with flowing shirt made of silk or wool, is the Punjabi woman's normal dress.

While the working committee of the Congress Party conferred with Mr. Gandhi in an adjoining room, I had an interview with Mr. Gandhi's Simla hostess, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, in the neatly furnished lounge—room of her stately hill home, Manorville.

The Rajkumari (the term is the Indian equivalent of princess) is the daughter of the late Raja of a Sikh State who became a Christian so that he might marry the Indian Christian woman of his choice, and the Rajkumari

herself is a Christian. She was educated in England. This charming and cultured woman sat on a settee, with her white sari hanging loosely over her long dark hair and its folds draped gracefully round her slim figure.

She told me she had fallen under the Gandhi spell some 30 years ago, when she first saw Gandhi addressing a gathering. After the death of her father she became a disciple of the Mahatma and worked for many years as one of his secretaries. Their meeting in Simla recently was their first for three years, as both had been imprisoned in 1942, though the Rajkumari was released ftom gaol and "interned" in her home soon afterwards.

In her soft-spoken English she said of Mr. Gandhi :—

"I feel he has given so much to women, and to the weaker countries of the world. The creed of 'might is right' ruled the world for centuries : but Mr. Gandhi has shown us another way. His non-violent resistance has allowed women to play their part in the struggle for reform and independence.

"Then he has such a unique personality—such grand stature morally and intellectually."

I asked her how she thought Mr. Gandhi looked since their association three years ago, and she replied : "Considering all he has gone through and his years, he is amazingly well. His physical resources are limited ; but his mind is as crystal-clear and as virile as ever. That is the great thing."

"Is Mr. Gandhi a very troublesome guest ?" I asked.

"Oh, no. He is no trouble at all," the Rajkumari said. "He brings light and life into any house, with his tremendous sense of humour, his consideration for everyone, and his ability to put everyone at ease."

Although now in his seventysixth year, Mr. Gandhi still has remarkable capacity for work, and Rajkumari Amrit Kaur said the household's main concern was to see that he did not overwork him-self, and particularly that he should finish work by 9-30 p. m.

Mr. Gandhi adheres meticulously to a programme. This was a normal day for him at Manorville.

At 5 a. m. Gandhi woke, said prayers, and, if necessary, did a little work. At 6 o'clock he had orange juice, and from 6 to 7 he worked. He set aside the half-hour from 7 to 7-30 for his morning walk, and worked on from 7-30 to 8-30, when he had his daily massage and bath. There was more work until he had his morning meal at 11 o'clock. This meal (his main meal) consisted of steamed vegetables of salads, specially made light bread, fruit, and goat's milk. (The Rajkumari borrowed two goats for the period of Gandhi's stay in Simla).

Mr. Gandhi then had a nap, after which he worked till 6 o'clock, when he took some fruit juice and a little milk. He worked on till halfpast nine, breaking the routine of correspondence, conferences, and interviews at abont 7-30 p. m., when he conducted the prayer meeting attended by large numbers of the public in the grounds beyond Manorville. Mahatma retired at 9-30 p.m.

Mr. Gandhi has remarkably clear skin. He is massaged with mustard oil, and at Simla this duty was performed by his second son, Manilal, who had recently arrived from South Africa. The youngest of his four sons, Devadas, who also came to Simla is a newspaper editor at Delhi. Normally, Mr. Gandhi sees very little of his sons. He had no daughters and his wife, Kasturba, died early last year.

"But his family is the whole of India. That's why we always call him Bapu (father)," said the Rajkumari.

MAHATMA GANDHI AS A MAN OF LETTERS

BY

BIJAYA GOPALA REDDY

> He appeared to be an island of balanced and sage action in the midst of an ocean of turbulent love and hate, an island soon to be submerged. He has not ceased to act when there has been such adulteration of his ideal in action as was unavoidable. —*Rammanohar Lohia.*

There are certain aspects of Mahatma Gandhi's greatness, which are not known to the world at large. They concern primarily his own province of Gujerat and his mother tongue, Gujerati. He loves them possionately, like any other son or daughter of Gujerat. Had Gandhiji not appeared on the literary firmament of Gujerat, Gujerati would have been much the poorer to-day. Gujerati was destined to be reformed and enriched at the hands of this great man. No student of contemporary Indian literature can possibly ignore his services to a tongue spoken by ten million souls in Western India.

Long before Mahatma Gandhi inaugurated the Satyagraha and non-co operation movements, he was known, especially to Gujeratis residing in South Africa, as a good writer in the mother tongue. His "Hind Swaraj" and the articles he contributed to the Gujerati papers in South Africa, won him great reputation. But he had to wait till the days of non-co-operation make his influence felt. Gujerat was then brought into the lime-light crowned with a crownless hegemony and respected as the home-land of the world's greatest men. Millions of eyes were turned towards that small sandy site on the banks of the Sabarmati. In the palmy days of Non-co-operation, "Navajiwan", Mahatmaji's Gujerati

weekly, had to its credit nearly twenty five thousand subscribers. No cultured Gujerati home was without it. Reading " Navajiwan ", and weaving Khaddar were looked upon as the outer signs of an inner patriotism. " Navajiwan " is just a broad-casting agency. Mahatmaji steals--though he is opposed to any sort of stealing—a quarter of an hour from his pressing engagements, writes off an article and sends it to the " Navajiwan " Press. The next day the whole of Gujerat, from Bombay to Kathiawar, reads it, hears it, and ponders over it. It carries the fire of patriotism and the glow of truth with it. Even in the remotest village of the interior, people used to throng at the post offices to get their copies of " Navajiwan ". Scores of illiterate peasants sat round a person while reading " Navajiwan " and listened patiently and seriously to the contents of paper from end to end. And as they left the place, a tear of extreme happiness, with souls flooded with sympathy and emotion, would glitter in their eyes. Week after week, the people of Gujerat heard the language of Mahatmaji and got accustomed to it. They realised that his direct and simple style appealed to them more then any other. They refused to admire other styles of expression, which formerly used to exact their reluctant appreciation. This was the beginning of a reformation in the language.

Mahatmaji's style was taken as the standard by which to measure the worth of other writings. This was how he was called ' the father of neo-Gujerati prose ' though there was Ambalal Sankarlal Desai who had previously employed an equally simple and effective style. Thus, quietly and obtrusively, and without sermonising on the need for new ways of expression, Mahatmaji introduced the people to simple, effective and beautiful prose style.

Besides simplifying Gujerati prose, Gandhiji showed the ways in which it could be usefully employed. Before him, nobody dared to treat serious subjects like religion, politics and art in the mother tongue. Even

when there was a stray attempt, the language could not be understood by the common people, who were thus denied all opportunity to come into touch with politics or philosophy. Mahatmaji employed Gujerati to express even the subtlest feelings and sublimest thoughts. He dealt with all the great topics of the day. His scholarly articles on religion, Varanashram Dharma, Brahmacharya, and Ahimsa and his soul-stirring expositions of Satyagraha, non-co-operation, dietetics and Dharma and numerous other problems indicate that he possesses a versatile genius, a profound knowledge of men and things, and a perfect and racy expression, that go to make him one of the greatest and noblest of Indian writers. He speaks with intution and intelligence, and out of the abundance of his knowledge. Any one who has followed his *Atam Katha* or autobiography, closely, can discern that he has a powerful yet a generous perception. He visualises all the great forces that pulsate beneath the common crises of our daily life and describes them in their beauty and their strength.

It is a very natural style. He never wants to produce literature nor does he wish to be worshipped by future generations as an eminent literary personage. He never blows at a style. He does not pause to call a more effective or sonorous word. This does not mean that his writings are not characterised by beautiful diction. In fact his diction is extraordinarily virile, sensitive. and illuminating, and he never selects a difficult or obsolete word in preference to a simpler and current one. As one who spent much of his time in other parts of India, he introduced words and constructions from other Indian languages. Hindi is his main source. He uses also many Kathiawadi words and phrases which have thus bebome popular and current.

Some of his descriptions of natural scenery are

greatly admired in Gujerat. I shall just quote a few lines of Professor Nagindas Parikh, a talented writer and critic of Ahmedabad. He says :—

"Sometimes it (diction) is marvellous. His description's of natural scenery occurring in some of his political writing, are really classical, *e.g.*, the one of Sindhu, when he first went there during his all-India tour. The other is the one he wrote when he was sailing in a boat in the river Padma in Bengal in the same year. Really, I sometimes fail to understand how he can choose his words so correctly."

In his writings Gandhiji does not employ far-fetched similies and hyperboles that make the sentence gandy and ornate; but in his mild and picturesque way, he adds delicacy and grace to the sentence. He is parsimonious, economical rather in his use of words. Gandhiji is ever fresh and green as an olive. One is never tired of reading an article of his on Khadi, Brahmacharya, or untouchability, even if it be for the hundredth time that he is writing on the subject. This is because he has an unerring irsion and the capacity to dive into the depths of things He does not indulge in platitudinous verbiage. His frankness has a great deal to do with this even-new and impressive style of his.

But curiously enough, one finds sentence after sentence in a single chapter having a purely English construction. This might shock an old Pandit, but young Gujerat believes that these constructions really add power and beauty to the sentences. This is but inevitable for one in Mahatmaji's position. We may add that several sentences with similar construction are finding their way into the various Indian languages through the writings of English educated Bengali, Telugu and Malayalam literary luminaries. The construction and idioms are so English, that we sometimes forget that we are reading a vernacular book or article.

When Rabindranath Tagore was a guest at the " Gujerat Sahitya Parishad" held at Ahmedabad, some years back, Gandhiji seems to have said in his address that he would consider that writer successful who was able to give a song to the water carrier as they fetched water, cartmen as they drove their carts and to labourers as they toiled. This indicates exactly his idea of style and diction. Literature is no monopoly of any particular section of society. He has great aversion to the use of non-Indian words, especially English, in his speeches and writings. And this aversion has communicated itself to his Gujerati countrymen. This is another great service he has rendered to Gujerati; because this has led to the refinement and development of the language. But for him, Gujeratis also would have imported so many unnecessary English words into their tongue like the Bengalis. He appeared at a psychological moment and turned the tide that was threatening to rise and sweep away the purity of their language.

The Gujeratis uesd to nourish an idea formerly that their tongue was not fit for the expression of "Veera Rasa"—the expression of deeds heroic. But after seeing Gandhiji's spirited articles and especially the one called "Priksha"—Ordeal—written at the time of first Bardoli campaign, they are convinced that when properly handled by eminent writers, their language is also suitable for "Veera Rasa."

Gandhiji also took some practical steps to improve the vocabulary. For some years now, he has been demanding from the *Puratatva Mandir* (Research Society of the Gujerat Vidya Pith) a spelling book which should include all the current and obsolete words in the language. His idea is that the anarchy prevailing in the spelling of Gujerati should be put an end to, by the compilation of an authoritative spelling-dictionery. The dictionary is now ready. It includes about 60,000 words. The *Vidya Pith*

is also preparing a standard Gujerati dictionary at his instance.

In his method of argument, in weighing the *pros* and *cons* of the subject under discussion, and in wealth of thought, Manorie Maeterlinck comes nearer to Gandhiji. Some of the latter's sentences in "Wisdom and Destiny" claim an affinity with Gandhi's in "Young India" and "Navajiwan". When Gandhiji is criticised for any of his opinions, he does not, like Ibsen, hurl at his critics more pungent remarks in order to assert his individuality. He welcomes all criticisms and replies to them courteously, yet effectively. And he never hesitates to confess himself in the wrong.

Ganhiji is a very quick writer. He writes his article for "Navajiwan" and "Young India" in running trains or in the midst of numerous and crowded engagements. He does not care to prone and polish his writings in order to create an impression.

Gujerat is unhesitatingly following Gandhiji's lead and exhibiting her power of discipline and organisation. Refusal to pay enhanced taxes in Bardoli, or abstention from college as a protest against the highhanded action of a European Principal of Ahmedabad, are not mere isolated occurences. They indicate a certain firmness and strength of mind. If Gandhiji has a Patel for his political lieutenant, he found in Mahadev Desai, an equally capable literary lieutenant. Desai, Ram Narain Pathak, Kishori Lal, Kaka Kalelker, Jagat Ram Dave and a few other segments that form the 'Sabarmati Circle" of writers have imbibed the essence of Mahatmaji's style. there are others too who are trying to spread the cult of simplicity and directness of style, while maintaining the purity of the language. The future of Gujerati literature depends a great deal on the activities of this group of writers.

Gandhiji is pioneer not only in Gujerati prose-writing but also in Gujerati publications. Ten thousand copies of his autobiography in Gujerati were sold in a fortnight. His Gujerati books are incredibly cheap. In this, he is a contrast to Rabindra Nath Tagore. The fact that the original of his autobiography was written in Gujerati, certainly elevates the status of Gujerati as a language, and a may dawn when individual Germans, Chinese, or Russians will labour hard at learning Gujerati in order to study his autobiography in the original Moreover, a study of his style is indispensable to all Indian students of linguistics, philolgy and synta.

There is a rare charm in Mahatmaji's style. His expression of pathos is perfectly natural. It is said that 'Style is the man', and in no other case does this adage hold good so literally as in Gandhiji's. Every sentence, phrase and word speaks of his Himalayan firmness, adamantive will and death defying determination, his high idealism and his burning love for the universe; and it is because of this that his style has acquired fluency, simplicity, strength and vigour. Restraint is one of the greatest qualities of his style. Any one who reads his articles on the sex-problem or inquires of the administration cannot fail to notice this salient feature. Though he tackles all the burning problems of the day, his articles are never meant to create a sensation. They inspire, but they do not inflame. In one word Gandhiji has democratised the language and at the same time placed it on a higher pedestal.

[*An article written in Treveni in 1929.*]

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